

IMPROVEMENT ERA



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND THE YOUNG
MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Published Monthly at Salt Lake City by the General Board



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Brigham Young.

“With matchless will and energy, he laid hold of the stupendous exodus of a people, and, amidst indescribable suffering and hardship, piloted them through the deserts and over the mountains to a new home in the wilderness.

“In the crowning period of his career, he founded, in this new retreat, a commonwealth to which he invited thousands of the poor from the four corners of the earth, rescued them from poverty and raised them to independence, taught them honesty, thrift, industry, patriotism for their adopted country; and, with the keen foresight of a statesman, showed them how to develop the hidden resources of their surroundings. He founded hundreds of cities and towns, and completed for his people an organization unsurpassed in the annals of history.

“For more than thirty years he was their spiritual guide and their temporal leader; and, dying, he left upon them and their institutions the ineffaceable impress of his master mind and character.”—*Life of Brigham Young*, Edward H. Anderson.



From a photograph taken in 1864.

President Brigham Young.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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President Brigham Young's Excursion Party.

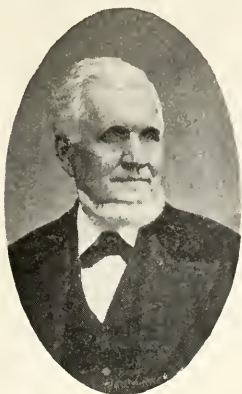
BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

I.

Many old-timers will remember with pleasure a trip made by President Brigham Young and company to St. George, Utah, in 1864. It was customary in those days for the authorities of the Church to visit every settlement of consequence throughout Zion, at least once a year. There were no railroads then, nor telegraph communication, to make travel easy, or to disturb the quietude of the people, and every settlement constituted a little world within itself. The Saints always looked forward with joy and satisfaction to these annual visits. Notwithstanding their straightened circumstances, they did what they could to make pleasant the presence of those who had come so far—frequently under trying circumstances—to feed them the bread of life, and to teach them how to prosper as citizens in a land so far from civilization. They realized that none but men of God would leave their own home affairs, and spend the greater portion of their time helping to build up others, to whom they were in no particular way obligated.

During the early 60's the Saints of Southern Utah had grown so prosperous that they urged President Young to bring along

with him more of the younger people than usual in his visits, as they were then in a position to entertain them. They believed that a change of this kind would go far towards making their long and often tedious journey more pleasant and prove a blessing to all concerned. Their great leader listened with interest, looked wise, but said nothing as to what he intended doing.



JOHN TAYLOR.



WILFORD WOODRUFF.

The next year, however, he dispatched messengers on horseback to notify the Saints of Southern Utah that his large excursion party was ready to start to "the land of cotton," and for them to govern themselves accordingly. They were asked to announce that the party was to consist of thirteen light vehicles, and two baggage wagons, and would be composed of the following persons: Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Ezra T. Benson, Lorenzo Snow, Franklin D. Richards, Eliza R. Snow, Vilate M. Kimball, Robert T. Burton, John R. Winder, Theresa Burton, Amelia F. Young, David O. Calder, Anna H. Calder, John T. Caine, David McKenzie, Philip Margetts, Harry Bowring, Sarah Alexander, George D. Watts, Hamilton J. Park, Agnes Park, Willard Richards, A. Milton Musser, Peter Horrocks, Catherine D. Horrocks,

John Squires, Lewis Robinson, Seymour B. Young, Fannie Young, Thomas Jenkins, Janette Young, Louis S. Hills, Ella Young, Emily Young, James T. Little, Leonard Rice, William VanNetta, Theodore Calkins, Mary E. Kimball, Elvira F. Kimball, Richard J. Taylor, Byron Roberts, Chariton Jacobs, Oscar S. Young, Hyrum S. Young and the writer.

On Monday morning, September 1, 1864, at 9:45 o'clock, one of the jolliest crowds that ever left Salt Lake City started on its

journey. They drove to pleasant Grove without a stop. Between Lehi and American Fork they encountered one of the severest hail storms that ever visited that part of Utah.

The next day they reached Payson. As they passed through Provo, they picked up William B. Pace, and a first-class string band. Wilson and Warren Dusenberry were two of the members. A meeting was held in the evening, at which Apostles Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards were the speakers.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, the company arrived at Salt Creek, now Nephi. The farther from home, the greater the enthusiasm became, and the more anxious the people were to see them. By this time things were growing attractive. Even some of the older members of the party began to have their interests awakened. It seemed as if every man, woman and child in the place was out in holiday attire. They lined both sides of the streets for blocks, and shouted praises to their leaders as they passed by. A brass band at the head of a company of cavalry, with colors flying, came out to meet the party, and discoursed sweet music to the satisfaction of all. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch, and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Two meetings were held during the day, and a dance at night ended the third day's program. The next morning there was another meeting, and President Young delivered an excellent discourse, which gladdened the hearts of hundreds.

By this time the excursionists were becoming better acquainted, and a spirit of mirthfulness began to crop out in various forms,



AMELIA F. YOUNG.



WILSON DUSENBERRY.
Born April, 1841.



WARREN DUSENBERRY.
Born Nov. 1, 1836.



LORENZO SNOW.



FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.



EZRA T. BENSON.

After dinner they kidnapped the Salt Creek brass band, body and breeches, taking it right along with them. This amusing incident, in connection with other pranks that were indulged in, added to the feeling of merriment that possessed the whole company. For the remainder of the trip the band was an important division of the party.

The party drove to Round Valley that day, and arrived at Fillmore the next afternoon. Here they remained two days and nights, enjoying a continuous feast of pleasure. When they arrived within two miles of Fillmore, they met one of the jolliest escorts that ever led a presidential party into a Utah town. Judging by the number it consisted of nearly every man and boy in Millard county—each of whom was mounted on some kind of an animal: narrow-backed horses of wide experience, and long-haired mules that mocked the Missouri mob—played prominent parts in the procession that proceeded down Fillmore's principal avenue. When this gallant gang of armed guardsmen galloped into line at the head of the president's party, and proceeded on their way through a cloud of dust, peals of laughter rang out from a hundred throats. This was the comical straw that broke the camel's back, and everybody was convulsed with laughter.

As this peculiar procession passed down Fillmore's main street, terrific blasts from the kidnapped brass band,

playing one of their fantasias in B., caused the excited crowd to wonder what thing was coming next. Just before the procession reached the Capitol Building, anvils boomed, cows bellowed, horses bucked, donkeys brayed, women shouted, youngsters yelled, and dogs yelped; while savage red men looked on, wondering what pranks the pale face people would play next.

After the deafening din died down, the squawking of yellow-legged chickens and the quacking of big, fat ducks could be heard in all parts of town, as the high executioners of Fillmore were dexterously performing the ax act. At that time Fillmore was the home of the Lymans, the Callisters, the Kings, the McBrides, and many other good and broad-minded people who never did things by halves.

Before the president's party had fairly time to arrange their toilets, the big feast began in earnest. Brother John Squires, the rough and ready razor man of the company, was so rushed that when it came the boys' turn to be shaved, he dexterously, but not very mildly, made the fur fly from their fuzzy faces.

Great preparations for the banquet had been going on for days, no other incident of like importance having occurred before, south of Salt Lake City. Armful after armful of the choicest fruits, meats and vegetables of every variety were placed upon the tables before them, until the master of ceremonies was compelled to call a halt for further arrangements to be made. Waiters actually groaned and tables tottered under the



EMILY YOUNG, in 1863.
Born March, 1849.



FANNIE YOUNG (THATCHER).
Born January 25, 1849.

heavy weight of custard pies, frosted cakes, preserved fruits, and scores of other delicious delicacies awaiting the hungry Salt Lakers. Before darkness brooded over this land of good things, a



DAVID MCKENZIE.
Born December 27, 1833.

grand ball was opened in honor of this eventful visit, which was so far ahead of the ordinary country dance that comparison would be out of the question. It took place in the large and commodious twenty-eight thousand dollar Capitol Building, which had been thoroughly renovated and elaborately decorated for the occasion. Excellent music was furnished by the famous "Fillmore Fiddle-band," under the superior leadership of Daniel Olson, one of the noted violinists in the western country.



FRANCIS. M. LYMAN

Prominent citizens came from far and near to have a good time, and the spirit of dance seemed to be in the very air. The older members of the party retired early, leaving the dance to the middle aged and young, who moved things along with vim and dispatch.



THERESA BURTON.
Born March 26, 1848.

After a late supper, it was hard to tell which division of the party was getting the best of the situation, as all seemed to be enjoying themselves to the very limit. "Highland Flings," "Pigeon Wings" and other fancy steps taken by the Fillmoreites, surely demonstrated that they were more than equal for the occasion. Phil Margetts, Harry Bowring, Sarah Alexander and a dozen other fun-makers, in the way of innocent amusement, captured the best corner in the Capitol, and such capers as they cut were never before dreamed of by the unsuspecting citizens of Southern Utah.

Daylight finally brought everything to a standstill, and what few live roosters were

left in town were exerting every vocal power imaginable to impress upon the minds of the happy party that the time was fully ripe for them to be moving on.

At 5 a. m. the kidnapped brass band came to life, and played "Oh, Dear, What can the Matter Be?" so long and loud, that everybody gathered from every direction to learn, if possible, what *was* the matter. Brother George A. Smith, the only 300-pound man in town, mounted an old work-bench, and, with stentorian voice, informed the feasting excursionists that there were other settlers south of Millard county anxiously awaiting an opportunity to entertain them on the fat of the land, and that the frightened fowls of Fillmore were right—that it was about time "for them to be moving on."

Saturday evening put a stop to the festivities. Everything of a light-minded nature was dropped. The Sabbath of the Lord was at hand, and the Saints, who had enjoyed themselves to the utter-



LOUIS S. HILLS, IN 1865.
Born March 8, 1836.

most, were now ready for the solemn change. The authorities, thus far, had done what they could to make the journey a joyful one, but they never permitted recreative pleasure to interfere with sacred things.

While visiting the Saints in these far-off settlements, where there were no amusements to speak of, it was nec-



CAPITOL BUILDING, FILLMORE.



GEORGE A. SMITH.



JOHN SQUIRES.

Born December 23, 1820.
Died November 13, 1901



DANIEL OLSON.

Born at Copenhagen in 1832.
Died May 9, 1893.

essary to say and do things that would bring cheer to the hard-working settlers. Even in meeting it was, therefore, not unusual, in those days, for the speakers to refer to conditions, circumstances and situations that were both amusing and pathetic, often causing the congregation to alternate between laughter and tears. The talks, in this way, entered their lives, and consequently the instructions were long remembered, and aided greatly in keeping the people in good spirits until their leaders came again. President Young had brought this jolly crowd with him for this very purpose, and their presence did the Saints a world of good.

Sunday morning, September 7, at 10 o'clock, the largest congregation ever assembled in Millard county gathered to listen to the inspired remarks of Apostles Lorenzo Snow, Franklin D. Richards, Ezra T. Benson, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff. In the afternoon Apostle Orson Hyde, who joined the party at Sevier bridge, and President Brigham Young, occupied the time. Such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit was never felt before in that part of Zion.

In the cool of the evening, in order to shorten the next day's drive, the company proceeded to Corn Creek, now Kanosh, Apostle Amasa M. Lyman accompanying them. The next day they reached Beaver, after the

hardest day's drive of the trip. All day long they faced a blinding dust storm. A meeting was called in the evening, but the majority of the company went to rest early, as they were pretty well tired out. Miss Mary White, a resident of Beaver, joined the party here, and remained with it until they returned to Salt Lake City.

Tuesday, at 5 p.m., they arrived at Parowan, the home town of Apostle George A. Smith, and on the following day drove to Cedar City. Meetings were held at both places, and a spiritual feast was enjoyed by the multitude that came from far and near.

The Saints throughout the country had harvested a bountiful crop, and the people on all sides were praising the Lord. It seemed like the very windows of heaven had been thrown wide open, and blessings poured out upon the Saints, until there was hardly room to contain them.

Orchards and gardens were teeming with good things, and everybody had plenty and to spare. Wagon-loads of melons and choice fruits of many varieties were lavishly bestowed upon their welcomed guests, who richly enjoyed the gifts as they proceeded on their way from town to town.



JANETTE YOUNG EASTON.
Born December, 1849.



HARRY BOWRING
PHIL MARGETTS.

On the night of the 11th, the company stopped at a little place called Pinto, and the next day reached Pine Valley, a way up in the mountains, some six thousand feet above St. George. It was a perfect little paradise, surrounded on three sides by groves of pine trees and meadows of rich bunch grass. A more beautiful spot could scarcely be imagined. The company greatly enjoyed the change, and would have remained here several days had time permitted. A meeting was held in the afternoon, and a dance given at night. President Young, however, instructed the members of his party to retire to rest early, as the hardest day's journey of the entire trip lay before them.



ORSON HYDE.



SARAH ALEXANDER.



AMASA M. LYMAN.

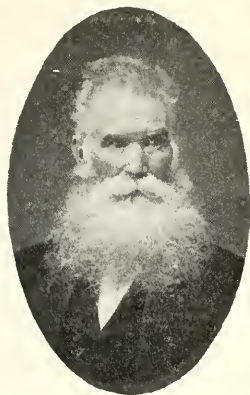
The next morning at daylight the company, which now numbered not less than one hundred, started on its down-hill journey. Many loads of hay, grain and provision were brought along by the thrifty settlers, to help feed the multitude that was already gathering at St. George. The distance was about forty miles, and the road in some places was well-nigh impassable. When they came to the "Washboard," just north of "Jacob's Twist," all but the drivers were compelled to walk, the road being extremely steep and rocky.

As they neared the "land of cotton," the weather became quite tropical. The volcanic rock, strewn over the country, shone like black diamonds, and the craters from whence they had come appeared like

mountains of coal. After viewing the crater for a short time the company drove near to the brink of a deep chasm, where they remained about thirty minutes. The timid excursionists peered into the rugged depths until their heads reeled. After throwing a ton or two of rock into the pit, the company drove on. They arrived at St. George just in time to see the sun hide his smiling face behind the rocky cliffs of Utah's "Dixie."

Apostles Orson Pratt, Erastus Snow, and other distinguished citizens of St. George, were on the spot to welcome the president's party to their southern home. Their guests were soon distributed in carriage-load-lots over the town, where they were made more than welcome for the next three days and four nights.

The Saints of St. George were in comfortable circumstances, all things considered, and a more hospitable community of people never lived. The majority of them had comfortable homes, and seemed to be happy and contented. Their city was a little gem set in the midst of a sandy desert, surrounded on all sides by the rugged mountain cliffs. None but men of God, endowed with great wisdom and faith from above, could have built a city so beautiful in so remarkably short a time. It was located in 1861, in which year large companies of people were called from the northern counties of the territory to settle on the Rio Virgen and Santa Clara. The city of St. George stands today as a splendid monument to their honored names.



ORSON PRATT.



MARY WHITE.
Born November 7, 1846.



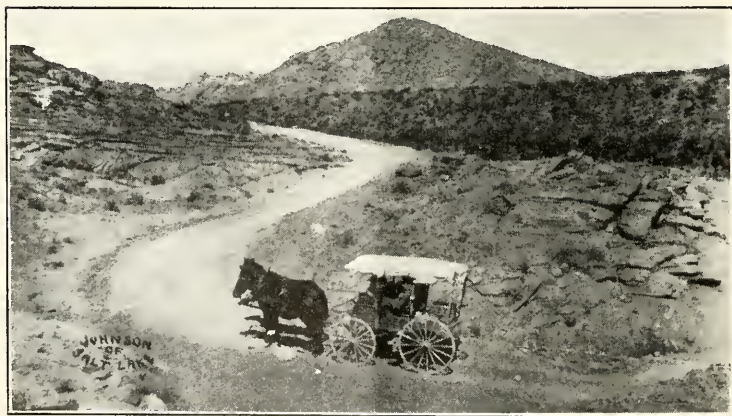
ERASTUS SNOW.



DIAMOND VALLEY CRATER, TWELVE MILES NORTHWEST OF
ST. GEORGE.

Sunday, September 14, was a day of rest in very deed. After traveling three hundred and sixty miles over a dusty road, the president's party was pretty well tired out. Even the jaded animals showed their appreciation of the change, as they lay stretched out beneath the shady groves of the Garden City.

At 10 a. m., a large congregation gathered under the spacious



JACOB'S TWIST, NEAR ST GEORGE.

bowery, which had just been erected for the occasion. On the stand sat the great "Mormon" leader, President Brigham Young, surrounded on three sides by the following intellectual giants and mighty men of God: Apostles Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Amasa M. Lyman, Ezra T. Benson, Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards.

Six meetings were held during a two days' conference, and a sweet and peaceful spirit permeated the large assemblage. Everyone present felt the solemnity of the occasion, as they listened in earnest silence to their great leaders, whom they sincerely revered and regarded with love and admiration. Tears trickled down the cheeks of the faithful Saints, many of whom, without a murmur, had turned their backs on comfortable homes in the northern counties, and, in obedience to God's servants, settled in this far-off, desert land. The almost insurmountable difficulties which they overcame, the trials through which they passed, and the sacrifices which they made for the cause of Zion, will never be known nor understood this side of the Millennium. God bless their posterity forever!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Voice of the Shepherd.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Lean on mine ample arm, oh thou deprest!
 And I will bid the storm cease in thy breast.
 Whate'er thy lot may be,
 On life's complaining sea,
 If thou wilt come to me, thou shalt have rest.

Lift up thy tearful eyes, sad heart, to me;
 I am the sacrifice offered for thee.
 In me thy pain shall cease,
 In me is thy release,
 In me thou shalt have peace eternally.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

Just a Little Blue Stocking.

BY LELLA MARLER HOGGAN.

III.—Hughie's Christmas Tale. (Continued.)

"I reached to open the door, but the door knob was muffled in black. I was too late!"

There was a break in his voice, and old Hughie stopped speaking. No one spoke a word. Some of the men shaded their eyes with their hands; that was all. After awhile, Hughie quietly continued:

"Only God knows what happened then, boys. There ain't no words, you know, to tell things like that." After another silence he said: "When it was all over, we went back to the old place. It didn't seem jest like home to me. On the outside things looked tucked up and sort o' crowded. Nothin' looked fresh and open and free, like it does out here in the Rockies. Didn't look as if things had breathin' space. The things inside the place was changed some, but I guess I was changed more'n anything else. Father's big chair was in its old place, and the newspapers and magazines was on the little table jest as they used to be. I noticed my last letter among the others. It looked strange and kind of out o' place. Mother's mending bag hung near the sewin' machine, where I remembered seein' it years before. Some of the same old pictures hung on the wall. And a gray cat purred on the hearth-rug, jest as one did when I went away. Houses stay about the same, even if the years do slip along. But people—they're different. When their hearts change, their looks change to match 'em. Mother was gray, and there was a good many wrinkles on her face I'd never seen before. I wondered how many of 'em I'd

made. Her eyes had dimmed some, too, as if she might a shed a good many tears. I set in the dinin' room and watched her about her work. She worked about jest as she did when I was a boy. I felt sort o' dazed, as if I was in a dream. It took me days to git used to all the changes the years had made. My brothers and sisters was all married, except little Birdie Lou. She had not left the old nest, but she had grown to be a woman. I felt like an old man. I wondered what I had done with all the years that stood between us. I felt as if I had lived my life alone, and missed all o' the sweet things God had meant me to have.

"I missed father more'n I did the children. His big Bible lay on the centre-table, and his cane stood in the corner. I'd git to feelin' smothered like in the house, and I'd go outside; but that was even worse. There was the very hedge I had helped him to plant, and the apple tree we had pruned and watered together. I fancied I could see him in the garden bendin' over his work. Some days my heart was so full it felt like it was sure goin' to burst open. Why, boys, I'd gladly a give ten years o' my life if I could jest a took him by the hand ag'in and told him I'd come home to stay—that I wanted to be by him to take care of him, now he was gittin' old. But God never let's us turn the pages back, boys; after we've lived 'em once, they're gone. The folks was all awful tender towards me. They tried not to say things to hurt me. But I knew they felt jest like I did. I heard my aunt a tellin' mother about it one mornin'.

" 'Ain't it a pity,' she said, 'his father couldn't a seen him? If he could jest a looked at Hughie's broad shoulders and his honest face once, he could a died happy. You know how he fretted about Hughie at the last.' "

Hughie paused again in his story. In a few moments he said:

"On Christmas eve they all come back to the old home and spent a quiet evenin', jest to cheer up mother and me a little. I felt like a stranger among 'em. Mother was the only one that seemed jest like herself. Birdie Lou had several little ones gathered about her. She was a tellin' 'em the Christmas story. Fer a minute I could see a little girl in a red dress, with her fists in her pockets. I remembered a story book out in my cabin in the

Rockies, and I remembered a little package in my great coat pocket. I stepped into the hall and put my hand into the pocket. I felt the little gold trinket in my fingers, but I drew my handkerchief out instead. No, I couldn't give it to her. It was a child's gift, and she couldn't use it now. It was too late; my little baby sister had growed into a woman. I felt my heart-strings drawin' tighter and tighter. There wasn't no tears, boys. Things like that hurt too much fer tears. It's jest a dry grief that makes your heart swell up 'till it bursts. I knew I'd never see my baby sister again. I could never write another letter to Santa Claus fer her, and I could never tell her another baby story. She was lost to me as much as if she had died. No, I couldn't give her the gift. I couldn't let them all know how the years had been a slidin' through my fingers like the sands o' time, while I was asleep, as it was. Then the other things come back to me, too. I could never do the things fer father I'd been plannin' all the years. Mother was all I had left, and I made up my mind right then and there to stay by her. I was glad when the Christmas was over, fer it only brought me pain. It wasn't like the Christmas at home I'd been plannin' all them years. That Christmas would never come. It was jest a dream."

After a little silence, Hughie began again.

"The next spring I helped mother to plant a flower-garden. She hadn't had one fer years. I painted the fence and trimmed the hedge, and in the summer evenin's we used to carry the flowers we'd grown, and lay 'em on father's grave. Sometimes, when we was walkin' home, she'd say, 'I think he really knows, Hughie, what is goin' on. He'll be glad you come back to look after me at the last.'

"She used to take a great comfort in me. Sometimes she'd take one o' my hands in her little, thin, white ones and say, 'I'm so glad you come back, Hugh! I'm so glad!'

"I tried to make things as happy fer her as I could; 'cause I could see she was failin' fast. When the cold winter set in, she grew weaker and thinner, and I knowed she'd be leavin' soon, too. I used to take her out drivin' and I'd help her in the kitchen with her work. She insisted on doin' some things. She used to say it was the old days comin' back ag'in, when they was jest her and

father. I tried to take his place, so she wouldn't miss him so. But when the spring pansies begun to bloom and the robins come into the garden to sing and to build their nests, she missed him more and more; and she finally left us for a little spell, and went to him to live the old love-days over ag'in.

"Birdie Lou had gone to live with our sister, Ruth, and we locked up the old house. I spent a few weeks among 'em all, but I couldn't stay long. The mountains was a callin' to me. I could smell the sweet grass down in the medder, and hear the brook a laughin' and the birds a singin'. I could see the hoss-mint and the roses a growin' together in the shade o' the pines and quakin'-asp. And I could feel the cool wind on my cheeks as it blew across the lake from old Sawtell peak. Yes, the wild things was a callin' me, and I had to come. I went down to the two green mounds in the churchyard, and I told God all about it. Then, boys, fer the first time I felt that he understood, and it was all right. I'd stayed away through the years when they was needin' me at home; but, after all, I was the one that had lost. I've been back sense, and I'll go again Sunday, but this is my home now. They need me here more'n the home folks do."

Hughie was silent. The boys pushed their chairs back from the fire and prepared to go.

"Well, boys," he said, "I'd like to say one thing more 'fore you go. Maybe some of you ain't got no homes to go to; maybe some of you ain't got no one to miss you; if you ain't, then you ought to be gettin' a home of your own. But if there is a home, boys, you need to be there on Christmas. Don't put off goin' back. This year's as good as any. Next year, maybe they won't all be there. Maybe your baby sister will be growed up already. They're jest babies once, and they're jest children once, and if you miss that once you can never bring it back, you know. It's lost in the ages. Now, maybe some of you have sent letters home, and maybe you've sent money. They'll be glad to git it—to know you think of 'em. But money don't count fer much, boys. It's when you give yourselves that you give joy. That kind o' gifts can't be bought with money; and Christmas is the time fer givin' gifts, you know. That's the reason the fust Christmas gift'll be remembered ferever. God give his Son to the world,

and Jesus give hisself to the children of men. That was why the angels sung glory to God, and on earth peace, good will to men."

IV.—Jim's Letter.

The boys went to their own bunks, one by one. When Jim was alone, he opened his letter. His fingers touched something soft and fluffy. He drew it out. It was a baby's little blue stocking. There was a mended rent in the leg, and a hole neatly darned in the toe. The stocking was slightly soiled. It had not been washed since it was drawn from a chubby, little foot. Jim fancied he could see the little pink toes and the white, plump knee.

"Honey-Bird!" he whispered. "Honey-Bird's stocking!"

He pressed it in his hand. Something crumpled in the toe. He drew out a wisp of paper. This, then, was the letter. A baby's fingers had been guided by someone across the page. A comical scrawl, rather hard to decipher, was the result. It ran:

DEAR BROTHER JIM:—Come home soon. We need you. Santa Claus is coming soon. I am sending you one of my little blue stockings. You can hang it over the fireplace. Maybe he will think it is mine, and will bring you something beautiful. Be good, Jim. We all love you. I send you four kisses, 'cause I'm four years old. From your little sister,
HONEY-BIRD.

Jim folded up the baby-letter and placed it in the toe of the stocking. He was thinking of Birdie Lou. And in his heart he knew that he would tell the Christmas story to Honey-Bird this time.

He held the little stocking in his hand, as he watched the embers die in the grate. Just across from him he could see a little woman, with a face all love and tenderness. It was a mental picture, but he knew the face was Nellie's, and he wondered if she had seen the baby-scrawl in the toe of the little blue stocking.

The next morning, while the men were getting ready to go into breakfast, Jim stepped into the cabin with the announcement, "Well, boys, I'm going home today."

"How's that, Jim?" asked Nelson.

They all thought of Hughie's story, but it had touched too deep for them to speak of it lightly.

"My sister says they need me," replied Jim quietly. And drawing the little stocking from the envelope he held it up to their gaze.

"Who sent it, Jim?" asked the mail-driver, as usual acting as mouthpiece for the crowd.

"It's from my baby sister, Honey-Bird."

He then spread the baby-letter out before them, and they, too, enjoyed the awkward scrawl. There was something very tender in their hearts that morning. Several of the boys were going home for Christmas. The Yule-log was burning in grates beyond the valley. Christmas bells were calling to them from over the purple mountains. Mayhap baby stockings were hanging by their own mantels waiting to be filled.

After breakfast, they spoke quietly of their home-going and their work in the valley. Some of the boys had no homes to claim them, and they could not be prevailed upon to accompany those who had.

On one thing they all agreed, however—Hughie must be remembered. But what could it be? It must be a love gift, a token from heart to heart—something that would bring warmth and sunshine with it, and make the Christmas season more sweet to him.

V.—The Christmas Present, and the Parting.

"The boys tell me you're goin', Jim; they've sent fer you," said Hughie quietly, as he walked into the cabin a little later.

"Yes, Hughie; they want me to come home for Christmas and I think I ought to go," Jim answered, as he kept on shaving.

The old man sat down and waited. Presently Jim passed him the little square envelope.

"There's the letter," he said.

"Did Nellie write it?" asked the old man unconcernedly.

"No," said Jim, "my baby sister did."

"Nellie held her hand, like enough," mused Hughie quietly.

"Like enough," repeated Jim. In his heart he was praying that the old man's conjecture might be true.

Hughie opened the envelop and drew out the little blue stocking. He sat very quiet for several minutes looking at the little stocking. Then he said simply,

“And the letter, Jim?”

“Is in the toe of the stocking.”

“I might ’a known,” he said, “the things we wanted the most was allus last—allus right in the toe of the stocking.”

He opened the tiny letter, and with his great hand smoothed it across his knee. He read it slowly twice. Then he drew out his great blue handkerchief and wiped his eyes. He folded the letter again and placed it in the toe of the stocking. He smoothed the little stocking out across his knee, and stroked it tenderly as if it were some live, gentle thing. Finally he put it in the envelope and passed it back to Jim.

“Give my love to Nellie, Jim, and to the old folks,” he said quietly. “And here, Jim, you can give this to Honey-Bird. I never felt I could give it away before. I’d like her to have it.”

Jim took the tiny parcel and placed it carefully on the table.

“You’ve had it a long time, haven’t you, Hughie? See, the wrapper has told me; it is yellow with age.”

“Yes, Jim; it’s the trinket I bought for my baby sister before I went home, you know. But she wasn’t a baby when I got there. I was too late!”

Taking the tiny blue stocking from the envelope, Jim removed the little letter and placed Hughie’s gift in the toe.

“The best always comes last,” he said. “I shall tell her that Uncle Hughie sent it to her by Santa Claus.”

Then a sudden light crossed Jim’s face. “You’ll go home with me, Hughie. You shall give it to her yourself.”

“No,” answered Hughie decidedly. “Couldn’t do it! Why it wouldn’t seem like Christmas to the Bensen children and the Joneses, if I wasn’t there to tell ’em the Christmas stories. Beside; I’ve promised to call on Widow Sloan and her little boy, and old man Brunt will be lookin’ fer me. They’ll both need some wood or flour or suthin’, like enough. Anyway, it’s too cold fer ’em to keep the paths open these days, and it won’t take me no time to shovel ’em out, you know. No, Jim, I’ll stay right here and go about my regular work. But I have a long ride before me

today, and I won't get back in time to see any of you off. So I'll say good-by now."

His big hand clasped Jim's firmly. "God bless you!" was all he said. Then he sprang into the saddle and cantered up the trail.

VI.—Jim's Welcome Home.

In Jim's heart was a song of joy. The years had been folded together. All the sad things were blotted out; for a little blue stocking had reached across the lonely waste and brought him back to the loved ones in the old home. Only a few short days now until he would see them face to face, and hear their voices, and feel their warm hand-clasp. Hughie would not be back until they had gone. He had taken a long ride purposely, because he did not want to see them leave. The boys had several hours in which to devise some gift for him.

It was a happy crowd of men who boarded the train at the station that night. Some of them would reach home the day before Christmas, and some of them would not meet their dear ones until Christmas day. As they dropped off one by one at the various stations, a shower of good wishes followed them. When Jim alighted at the little station in his home town he found only a few stragglers lounging about. It was only a short walk to the little brown residence on the corner. As he looked out across the town lights, it seemed to him only a few days since he was there before. Then he remembered the home folks again, and he wondered if all was well with them. A sudden desire came upon him to see them face to face. He began walking very rapidly. The plank walk creaked under his feet. A sort of wild fear filled his heart. What if some of them were ill or absent! or—he dared not finish the thought. But there was the little brown house now. The light streamed from the windows across the lawn to meet him. He stepped softly onto the porch, and looked in through the sash-door. No one had heard him. His mother was sitting in a low rocker with her knitting in her lap. A little girl was tumbling with a kitten on a rug at her feet. That must be Honey-Bird. Another woman was sitting opposite his mother, but

her back was turned. He fancied her hair looked like Nellie's. His father sat at the table with the family Bible open before him. He was reading in a clear, distinct voice. Jim could hear the words. He paused at the door and listened. He had heard the same words many times before. His father continued:

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

From the door Jim could see a little blue stocking hanging by the mantel.

His father closed the Bible, his mother folded up her knitting, and the little girl arose and pushed back her tangled curls. Jim knew it was time for evening prayer. He rapped gently on the door.

"Well, if it isn't Jim! Come in, boy, come in! Welcome home, welcome home!" exclaimed his father, as he opened the door.

His mother was almost overcome. When she could speak she said falteringly,

"Why, Jim, God could not have sent us a Christmas present that would have brought us more joy! I'm so glad you've come!"

Little Honey-Bird cuddled up close to mamma. She felt half afraid of the big, strange man.

"Haven't you a kiss for Brother Jim?" asked mamma.

"That ain't my brutha Jim," she declared. "It's a big man."

"You little traitor!" laughed Jim. "I am your big 'brutha,' and I'll prove it shortly."

He had no time for proof just then, for there stood Nellie, just as sweet and beautiful as she was the night she had sent him away. She was smiling across the years at him. She was glad that he had come back. For one moment he held her hand in his, and all the world was new again.

"I've come back to stay, Nellie," he said.

"I'm so glad!" she replied honestly.

Honey-Bird was already tossing her curls at him, as if challenging him to a flirtation. Her little face beamed with anticipation.

"You young truant!" laughed Jim, taking her into his arms by main force. "So you disown me, do you? Who was it sent me a little blue stocking, I wonder?" questioned he, taking it out of his pocket and holding it up to view. "And who was it that wrote me a little letter signed Honey-Bird?"

"That's my baby-stockin' I used to wear," she said defiantly, determined not to be outwitted. "And Nellie held my hand to write the letter," she concluded triumphantly.

"Like enough," said Jim. There was a mist in his eyes, so he did not see Nellie's blushes. "But come on now, Honey-Bird, and give me a kiss, if you want to hear that Christmas story I've been saving for you."

The bribe was too tempting to withstand, so she submitted to the big brother's kisses and listened to his pretty story. Soon little eyelids began to droop.

"It's time for my little girl to be in bed," said mamma.

"Oh, we must hang the stockings first, mamma," smiled Jim. "I've come two hundred miles to hang this little blue stocking alongside of the other one," he remarked seriously, as he fastened it to the mantel.

That was a long, pleasant evening. Half of mother's wrinkles were hidden in smiles. And the gray veil that had hung about father's face was rent asunder. His countenance beamed with wholesome joy. Even Nellie's smile was sweeter, and Jim was a veritable big beam of happiness. He felt as if the music of the spheres was vibrating for him and his.

"Why, Jim, the trip's done you a world of good!" said his father. "You look like a different man!"

"I feel like a different man, too, father," he replied. "I begin to see what life means now."

That night they knelt in family prayer together. To Jim it was a glad omen of the joy that was awaiting him just ahead. His heart-strings drew tightly together, when his father thanked God for his return, and prayed for special gifts to be bestowed upon dear old Hughie.

After the prayer, mother said they would let Jim and Nellie fill the stockings tonight, just for old time's sake. For the love-

story in mother's heart had not grown old, and she knew the sweetest story must be told alone.

VII.—The Reconciliation.

When they were alone Jim took Nellie's hands in his, and looked long and earnestly into her eyes.

"You have waited, little girl, haven't you?"

"Yes, James; I knew you would come back."

"We can walk the path together now, Nellie, for I have found God."

"It will be a glad, sweet journey, I know," she whispered.

"It will be heaven," he replied solemnly. "For we shall live and love and work together always. Perhaps the old dream will come true," he added.

"Perhaps," she whispered.

A sacred joy overspread their faces, a glad thanksgiving filled their hearts.

VIII.—Hughie's Christmas Gift.

In a little cabin, up in the heart of the purple mountains, knelt an old man wrapt in prayer. Long years ago he had sacrificed his life to human love and its purposes. The sweet incense of his generous, brotherly work had been ascending to heaven in all the years that had followed; but not until tonight did he know that God had accepted his sacrificial offering. He knew tonight that the years had not been wasted, for he had been doing God's work; his life's purpose was being fulfilled.

One day, during the Christmas holidays, the mail-driver came into the cabin, carrying a large, flat crate and a letter.

"Here's a letter for you, Hughie," he said, "and here's something the boys sent up."

Hughie came over slowly and examined the crate.

"Why, it's a picture," he said. "I wonder who'd send me such a big one?"

Nelson helped him to remove the slats, and then lifted the picture onto the table.

Hughie stood back and gazed at it in silence. It was done in

oils. It was a picture of Sawtell Peak. It took in the lake and the bit of landscape where the dark pines and the old cabin stood. A rift of sunshine lay across the old summit of eternal snow. It glinted the purple walls beyond, and shed a glory on the dark pines. It kissed the ripples on the lake's surface and lighted up the little window panes of the old cabin.

It was a long time before Hughie spoke. His eyes were full of love-light. Presently a glad smile lighted up his face.

"The boys sent it," he said. "They must 'a' got it of Brandon. He made it last summer, you know. Don't you know how he used to set out there in the old boat-house and work by the hour? I didn't think he'd sell it. It must 'a' cost a heap."

After another long loving look he continued:

"I guess Brandon knew the old mountain 'bout as well as I do. I see he's caught the cove and the gully and that little rip to the west there, where we had the snow-slide six years ago. It's like it, boys! It's mighty like it!"

Then his eyes caught a small card fastened to the frame. He read the inscription: "For our dear Hughie, from the Boys. Just because we love him. We thank God that Hughie sent us home in time." His voice trembled a little when he spoke again.

"I guess God knows where we b'long better'n we do," he mused. "And he puts us right where we kin do the thing he meant fer us to do. Now Sawtell Peak there wouldn't be o' no use at all in York State. That's why God put it out here amongst the lakes and the forests and the wild things. He knew we needed it."

His hand touched the big frame lovingly. "I didn't think they'd do it!" he said hoarsely. Then he walked out of the cabin.

He did not remember his letter until later in the day. It was from Honey-Bird. When she had drawn the gold trinket from the toe of her stocking on Christmas morning, her joy was unbounded. She tore off the yellow wrapper excitedly and slipped a little gold bracelet onto her plump, white arm.

"Uncle Hughie sent it to you by Santa Claus," explained Jim. "Uncle Hughie once had a little sister, but she grew into a big lady, so he thought maybe you'd like to be his little sister and wear the pretty bracelet. Would you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll be Hughie's sister, and I'll write him a letter. Nellie can hold my hand."

And so, after several trials, the chubby fingers, guided by Nellie's hand, finally traced the following scrawl across the paper:

DEAR UNCLE HUGHIE:—Santa Claus brought me the pretty bracelet and I like it awful much; thank you. I'll be your little sister. I'll pray for you most every night, like I used to pray for my big brutha Jim. Jim come home for Christmas. We hung the little blue stockings up togetha. Nellie is holding my hand so I can write to you. Be good. We all love you. Your little sister,

HONEY-BIRD.

Hughie read the letter over several times, and though his eyes were moist, they twinkled. A peaceful smile spread across the kind old face.

"I'm goin' to see my little sister Honey-Bird," he promised himself. "I'm goin' to see her 'fore she grows up." Then a happy determination sprang up in his heart.

"God willing," he whispered softly to himself, "I'm goin' to help Honey-Bird hang the little blue stocking over the fireplace next Christmas."

LEWISVILLE, IDAHO.

(THE END.)

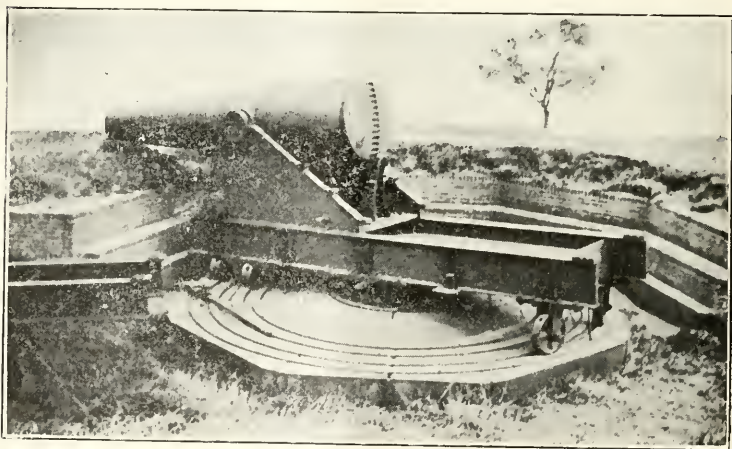


Photo by David B. Anderson.

One of the old guns of the Revolutionary War, Fort McHenry, Md., where the battle was fought that inspired *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

For the Development of Character.

Helpful Stories and Anecdotes.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHURCH," "A LIFE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG," ETC.

Beware of False Guides.

A young person should learn early in life discernment—power to see things in their true light—to observe objects from a true viewpoint, so that he shall not be deceived by false appearances and representations. Most dangerous to a cause is a half lie, presented in such a way that it appears to be truth. Boys should learn how necessary it is to have the right kind of companions, who will not place a false glitter upon facts, nor represent things to be what they are not. A day of awakening will come, when the boy who follows false guides will be chagrined and humiliated for his ignorance, and cry, "If I had only known! If I had only known!"

John H. Squires, of Rexburg, Idaho, relates an amusing story, which he very appropriately names, "A Missionary Prank," illustrating the point in view. Mr. Squires says that the elder in question, on his arrival at Leipsic, had seen so much in so short a time that it was an easy matter to take him over the same ground twice and have it appear new. Here is the story:

* * * *

In the spring of 1894, I had the pleasure of laboring as a missionary in the city of Leipsic, which is a quaint old German town, and the largest and busiest place in that part of Germany—the division known as the kingdom of Saxony.

Big fairs are held there each year, and with the university, the conservatory of music, and the art gallery, have been the means of making thousands of strangers acquainted with Leipsic's many features of interest.

It was during this spring that my companion was called to labor in Palestine. He was told to wait in Leipsic for Elder A——, a missionary who was likewise called to go to Palestine. Elder A—— soon came, and proved to be an enthusiastic young missionary, just over from Utah. His only experience thus far had been that of travel and sight-seeing. At home he had received a very fair education, and at school his study of history and geography had made him very anxious to see the great places and things of interest in Europe.

He arrived at Leipsic with his mind filled almost to the limit with the strange sights and incidents of a long journey over land and sea. In each large city, he had visited the cathedral, the museums and art galleries; yet, ever anxious to see more, it became my duty to show him around Leipsic, while my own companion prepared for his trip to Palestine.

I took him first to the great market-hall, one of the largest in the world, then to the fine new library, with its hundreds of thousands of books. He was delighted with the beautiful marble entrance to the library and the elegant reading room, but was bewildered by the many rooms through which we passed, each crowded to the limit with books.

We were now ready for the art gallery. A walk of a few blocks brought us to a large square in the center of which is the gallery. On the inside the pictures have been placed in a series of rooms each connected with the other in such a way that you may pass from the first room into the next, and so on through all of the others and back again to the first.

Elder A—— did not know that we could thus move from room to room, and at last return to our starting place.

The walls of the different rooms are crowded with the masterpieces of German and Italian artists. We entered one of the most interesting rooms first. Elder A—— was lost in admiration. To begin with, he examined each picture carefully to learn who was the artist. He soon discovered the folly of even trying to

pronounce, much less remember, so many difficult foreign names.

In one room was a life-sized portrait of Napoleon. Elder A—— admired this very much, and expressed surprise that the Germans should have a picture of Napoleon on exhibition. I explained to him that one of the greatest of Napoleon's battles was fought in 1813, near Leipsic, and that I would take him out with me to the southeast part of the city and show him a large monument indicating the spot where Napoleon stood and commanded the terrible conflict. Napoleon was put to flight.

I told Elder A—— I thought the Germans were glad to show the portrait of the famous general and be able to tell that he had been defeated near Leipsic.

We passed on around through the different rooms, chatting and admiring the paintings, as we went, and had returned to the portrait of Napoleon.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Elder A——, "there is another portrait of Napoleon!"

Elder A—— was not aware that we were on our second trip around, I quickly led him from the portrait, explaining, as I did so, that I would take him to Peterstrasse, the narrow, crooked street through which Napoleon and his generals made their escape when put to flight.

I was curious to see how far I could lead Elder A—— before he discovered that he was looking at pictures for the second time. I kept up his interest until we returned again to Napoleon. "Well, well, another picture of Napoleon!" he exclaimed, as he viewed the great warrior for the third time.

"Yes," I answered quietly. "How would you like to see the monument on the River Pleise, not far from here, where Napoleon and his fleeing army rushed to cross, and found the bridge destroyed. Napoleon commanded the soldiers to plunge into the deep, sluggish, stream, and cross. So many who first started lost their lives that the rest were able to cross the river on the dead bodies of their comrades."

"What a dreadful thing is war, and how heartless of Napoleon!" said Elder A——, as he was led by me for the third time from the room.

We left the gallery. He had not discovered that he had seen

all of the pictures twice, and some of them three times. As we walked away he wondered that the Leipsic gallery contained such a vast number of fine paintings, so many more than he had seen in the art gallery in London.

I told him I had not yet seen the London gallery, and did not know how it compared with the gallery in Leipsic, but I ventured the assertion to him that London could not produce so many fine portraits of Napoleon.

I never told him how I had led him around. He had such confidence in me that I hated to let him know how I had played upon his confidence.

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Young man, have you a companion showing you how much greater and better and grander your opportunities for advancement, work and progress will be if you leave your good home and people to go there or yonder?—beware lest he is leading you around the gallery!

Have you a chum who tells you that the men of the world are so much freer than you are, and that your religion tends to make you narrow and one-sided, and then invites you to come out into the open and see the big world?—take heed that he does not lead you around the gallery!

Have you a so-called friend who tells you of the pleasure and freedom and manliness you may gain in the club room, at the gaming-table, in the saloon, in the pool-room, with up-to-date companions, as compared to the hum-drum of home and school, and the Church ward organizations?—set it down, he is leading you around the gallery! Every time, too, that you express surprise at a new Napoleon, he laughs in his sleeve at your ignorance and credulity.

Be a Man.

One-sided development is fatal to a well-rounded character. What we know is of great consequence, for ignorance is a fearful handicap to any man; but how we feel and act, what we do in applying our knowledge, and what we really are, count most in character.

In a recent number of the *Utah Educational Review*, an editorial writer relates that some years ago he was lecturing in one of the remote counties in Utah. One hot summer evening he sat on the front step of a ranch house with the rancher, both in their shirt sleeves, after a long, hot day in the hay-field.

"Professor," said the rancher, "this morning when you offered to help me I thought it was only a joke. About ten o'clock I was willing to admit that you handled a fork pretty well for a professor. By the middle of the afternoon I knew that you were a man as well as a professor.

"Now," he continued, "I have three brothers who have been to college. One is principal of our school, at forty dollars a month; one is a clerk in the town store at about the same pay; and the other is the sissy-boy you see out there at the gate, flirting with the girls. He's been around here most of the summer, grumbling at the grub. I've had some notion to pay his way for another year in college, just to get him off the place. Is it any wonder I have no faith in college education?"

The Inland Sea.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

The Salton sea, inland beside
Gray sands and shaggy crags snow-capped,
Serenely rolls her heavy tide
By deserts wide and rocks enwrapped.
From eastward yawning canyons deep,
Pure streams o'er-flood the blue expanse;
Soft west winds parched her moisture reaps,
Stale, brackish lake, the salts entrance.
Thou sapphire gem of mountains high,
Mere vestige now of wider sea,
Reflect, beneath clear, azure sky,
The western peaks so dear to me!

RUFUS LEIGH.

The Creation of the Earth.

BY FREDERICK J. PACK, A. M., PH. D., DESERET PROFESSOR OF
GEOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

III.

The Geological Record.

But little attempt will be made to explain the methods of interpretation used by the geologist in ascertaining the ages of the various rock formations. Two principles chiefly are used—superposition (the state of being laid one upon another) and fossil content. The geologist recognizes that the rocks comprising the outer part of the earth had their origin through the same agencies and in much the same way as similar deposits are now being formed, *i. e.*, by the deposition of sediments largely in lakes and oceans. It is, of course, apparent that each layer thus formed is younger than the layer upon which it rests. To the geologist this principle reveals the truth that the older rocks occur at the base of the great stratigraphic column, while the successively younger ones are higher up.

Our present beaches are strewn with the remains of a diversity of creatures, similar forms of which are living nearby. Many of the land forms, as well as the aquatic, are preserved by being buried in the accumulating sediments. These types represent a part of the life of this particular age, and would at some future time furnish a key as to the nature of the flora and fauna existing at the time that the sediments were laid down. And so it is with the great geologic column—the various types now found in fossil

condition reveal the nature of the life which characterized the times during which the various rock masses were deposited. Hence, by beginning at the base of the geological column, one may read the chronologic history of the faunal and floral life simply by noting the nature of the fossil content of each succeeding series of rocks. The careful examination of literally thousands of geologic sections at greatly diversified points, reveals, without a single exception, one and the same chronology. Further, each of the greater (and often minor) subdivisions of this column is characterized by a flora and fauna unlike those of other subdivisions. This fact enables the geologist to identify the horizon or age, even though lower (older) or higher (younger) rocks are not exposed at the place of observation.

Primarily, by the application of these principles of superposition and fossil content, the geologist has worked out, in considerable detail, the history of the various life forms which have inhabited the earth. But, just as in profane history, the record becomes more and more illegible as one reaches back into the distant past. In geology this is the case principally for two reasons: firstly, the animal and plant forms were not so abundant, were less diversified in form, and possessed fewer parts capable of being preserved; and, secondly, the forms that were originally in a good state of preservation have subsequently been more or less destroyed by the processes of time.

The geologist carries the history just as far back as authentic records will permit him to go. Through a somewhat close relationship of forms, he is enabled to classify (somewhat arbitrarily at times) the earth's history into various divisions and subdivisions, each of which, of course, is characterized by a fauna and flora of its own. In the following table the division of time is that adopted by the International Geological Congress. The right-hand column is appended to show the characteristic life of each of the major subdivisions:

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Psychozoic	Quaternary	Age of Man
Cenozoic	Tertiary	True mammals appear and become dominant
Mesozoic	Cretaceous	Reptiles dominant, birds abundant
	Jurassic	Reptiles dominant, birds appear
	Triassic	Cycads culminate
Paleozoic	Permian	Amphibians dominant
	Carboniferous	Acrogens dominant
	Devonian	Fishes dominant
	Silurian	Invertebrates still dominant
	Ordovician	Fishes first appear
	Cambrian	All classes of invertebrates
Pre-Cambrian	Algonkian	Evidences of both animal and plant life
	Archaean	No direct evidences of life

The Archaean system does not form a part of the original earth-stuff, but may have been derived directly from it. The rocks of this system contain no direct evidences of life through the presence of fossils, yet, from information derived from other sources, it is confidently inferred that organisms in great numbers already existed.

In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river, and in the Belt mountains of Montana, the Algonkian system furnished abundant evidence of life, but the fossils are fragmentary and difficult of exact identification. They belong, however, to the lower forms of life, largely referable to the Crustacea, Brachiopoda, etc.

The Cambrian period is represented in fossil form by an abundance of animals and some plants. The fossils show that the life was not only widely diversified in form, but well developed in structure. Practically all of the later invertebrates were represented by ancestral types in the life of this age. The geologist does not look upon the Cambrian life as strictly primitive; he sees back of and beyond it enormous periods of time in which this life had its origin. It should be noted, however, that only the more simple types of animals and plants, as we know them today, had made their appearance by Cambrian times.

The Ordovician flora and fauna were slightly advanced over those of the preceding period. The most interesting feature of this age, however, was the appearance of a primitive backboned creature. At Canyon City, Colorado, and elsewhere, the remains of primitive fish occur in strata of the Ordovician age. These early vertebrate forms, however, were by no means abundant, and were not well specialized as were those of later periods.

During Silurian times the invertebrate forms were still dominant. The flora and fauna had become slightly more specialized and complex than those of the preceding period.

The Devonian was so abundantly represented by aquatic vertebrates, that it has been called the "Age of Fishes." All of the higher Cryptogams (flowerless plants) were represented both by large, tree-like forms and smaller plants. Some of the lower forms of the Gymnosperms (flowering plants) were also present. The amphibians, the lowest of air-breathing vertebrates, were also represented in the Devonian.

Some of the plants became extinct during the Carboniferous, while others became more abundant and diversified. The topographic features were such as to offer excellent facilities for the preservation of plant life. It is within this system that practically all of the coal of the eastern United States occurs. The fauna was also materially changed over that of the Devonian.

During Permian times the Amphibians greatly increased in numbers and in complexity. The reptiles were also present in great numbers.

The Triassic flora was greatly in advance of that in the Carboniferous or Permian. The Amphibians reached their culminat-

ing importance, and the reptiles appeared in great numbers of diversified form.

The reptiles of the Jurassic period were of a higher and more diversified form than those in the Triassic. The most remarkable feature of this period was the appearance of birds, the oldest type known to science having been found in the lithographic limestones of Bavaria.

It may fairly be questioned whether the Cretaceous reptiles were more abundant than those of the Jurassic. Large numbers had disappeared and others had taken their places. The reptiles became the dominant forms of land, sea, and air. Many of the genera were the largest land animals that ever existed. The birds were more abundant and more diversified than those of the Jurassic. Nearly all of the coal of the Rocky mountain region occurs in the rocks of this system.

The opening of the Tertiary was heralded by the appearance of large numbers of true mammals. They soon became greatly diversified in form, size, and habits of living. It was during this period that all of the more common animals, including the horse, cow, deer, bear, elephant, dog, cat, etc., appeared. The close of the Tertiary differed but little with the present time, except in the absence of man. The exact time at which he appeared is still an open question. Some geologists hold the opinion that he may have come in near the close of the Tertiary, while others emphatically assert that he did not appear until well within the early Pleistocene (lower Quaternary). All agree that he is practically the last of the great series to be created.

IV.

Summary and Conclusion.

In the first article of this series it was stated that the Biblical *chronology* of creation, as outlined in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, has been vindicated in almost every detail by modern scientific discovery. The second and third articles deal with the principal hypothesis of earth origin and the geological record respectively. Attention will now be directed to the similarity of the facts derived from these three independent sources.

It will be noted that the writer has attempted no explanation

of the length of time involved in the creation of the earth. Nothing has been said of the term "day," as found in the Biblical account. Nothing concerning methods of creation has been attempted. These things have purposely been avoided, not because they present any difficulties, but because we are dealing solely with the matter of *chronology*. For the present argument, even the identity of the writer of the Book of Genesis matters not. The outcome would be the same, whether the chronology were written by Moses, or by some of the ancient Chaldeans or Babylonians. If it can be shown that the two chronologies agree, then the argument for the divine authenticity of the Biblical account will be established.

According to the Biblical account, the first command of the Great Creator was "Let there be light," and yet it will be remembered that according to the same narrative the sun, moon and stars were not created until the fourth day. This apparant inconsistency in the appearance of light, independent of the celestial luminaries, is converted into a profound truth through the researches of modern science. Physicists and astronomers alike agree that the accretion of nebulous or planetesimal material in the creation of the earth would inevitably generate large quantities of light. In discussing some of the earlier stages in the history of the earth, but with no reference whatever to the Biblical chronology, Professor Chamberlain, of the University of Chicago, states, "There was, however, a terrestrial source of heat and *light** of critical importance, namely, that arising *from the infall of planetesimals.*" Further, "The planetesimals between the earth and the sun, during the early stages before they were much swept up by the inner planets, may have screened off some appreciable part of the sun's heat and light; but the ratio of nebular matter to space was probably too small to render this loss critical. So long as the *nebula itself remained luminous* the *nebular light* compensated, in a greater or less degree, for the solar light cut off, but perhaps not for the heat." (See *Chamberlain and Salisbury's Geology*, 1906, Vol. II, pp. 113, 114,). This complete agreement of Biblical statement and fact of recent scientific acceptance is

* The Italics in the article are mine.

most remarkable, especially when it is called to mind that the writer of the Biblical chronology could not have known of the existence of light independent of the celestial luminaries, this being a doctrine only of the most recent times. And in addition to this, it should be remembered that the event is placed in its correct position in the chronology.

Through a commandment of Deity, the firmament, or expanse, appeared on the second day. The exact meaning of this statement is not perfectly clear, but it very likely has its counterpart in the scientific chronology in the events which cleared the space surrounding the earth by the infalling of accretion or nebulous material. Before this time the earth had not been an independent sphere, but the materials comprising it had been scattered throughout the solar space, and thus the firmament did not appear until the major part of this planetary material was withdrawn from it.

One of the first events readily proved from the geological record is the segregation of the land and water, thus forming the continental areas and the ocean basins. (It should be noted that the scientific evidence thus far presented comes from the cosmogonist, and not from the geologist). In speaking of the early differentiation of land and water, Professor Chamberlain says: "It is not necessary to suppose that there was, at the outset, a general or continuous covering of certain large areas by water, and a general continuance of land in other areas, but merely that over certain portions of the globe water areas were more abundant than over other areas. Where water predominated, it may at first have taken the form of numerous small bodies. . . . The tendency would always be toward the more complete unification of the land areas and water areas, respectively. So long as the earth continued to grow appreciably by accession, the water areas should continue to grow larger and deeper, and the land areas narrower and higher. . . . After growth ceased, and modern processes became dominant, a more nearly balanced relation of sea and land is thought to have ensued, with a close approximation to constancy" (pp. 109, 110). It is a well accepted fact in geology that the continents, with practically their present outlines, came into existence sometime near the close of the pre-Cambrian.

According to the Biblical account, the work of the third "day" culminated in the appearance of plants of various kinds, but it asserts that the lower forms of animals appeared on the fifth "day." Geologic history records the appearance of plants and animals contemporaneously. Both the geologist and the biologist, however, see very good reasons for believing that plants were created long before animals. The earliest forms of plants with which we are acquainted were very fragile, and much less susceptible to preservation than were the animal forms possessing harder chitinous, or calcareous parts. From this viewpoint alone it appears probable that plants may have existed long before animals, but because of their delicacy were not preserved. The biologist calls attention to the absolute necessity for the appearance of plants before animals, the latter being incapable of deriving a livelihood directly from mineral matter alone. It will be remembered that plant life is capable of obtaining its food directly from mineral matter, while animal life cannot do this, but must receive at least a part of its food from material previously worked over by plants. For this reason biologists and paleontologists agree that plant life must have been the first to appear.

Astronomers and cosmogonists agree that the earth must have been well along in its history before the full light from the sun reached the earth unimpeded. Chamberlain, in speaking of the declining supply of planetsimals, says, "This diminution of the supply cleared the space between the earth and the sun, and *gradually brought the latter into full function*. There would, therefore, be a gradual passage from the partial dependence on the home supply of heat and light, to a complete dependence on the solar supply. There is little ground for apprehension that the infalling planetesimals would be seriously dangerous to the early forms of life, for, in the first place, the atmosphere must have been then, as now, an effective cushion, checking the speed of the planetesimals, and partly dissipating them; and, in the second place, the early organisms were probably all aquatic, and were further protected by their water-covering" (pp. 114, 115.)

The exact time at which the unscreened light from the sun reached the earth is not definitely known. The consensus of opinion, however, places it at about the same time as the introduction of

life. Chamberlin, as will be noted in the last preceding quotation, has this event follow the appearance of primitive life. The Biblical chronology places it on the fourth "day," and just following the creation of the plants, but preceding the animals. It should be noted that the scientists' inability to definitely place this event does not arise through any disagreement with the Biblical chronology, but is the result of paucity of historic facts dealing with this particular feature. So far as scientific research has been able to go in this direction it has agreed in almost every detail with the sacred chronology.

The fifth creative period, according to the Biblical account, witnessed the appearance of two great types of animal life—the creatures that swarm in the waters, and the fowls that "fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." Geology has no difficulty in definitely outlining the sequence of events from this point on. The Cambrian period (and possibly the Algonkian of the pre-Cambrian) was characterized by an abundance of aquatic invertebrates. In later periods, fishes in great numbers became dominant, but these soon gave place to the amphibians and reptiles. The Jurassic period marked the appearance of birds, which in the Cretaceous became abundant and highly diversified. The similarity, if not to say the complete identity, of the Biblical and scientific chronologies relating to the matter must be apparent without further comment.

According to the Biblical account the sixth "day" was characterized by the appearance of land-living creatures, culminating with man. Geological history clearly records the fact that mammals became dominant within the early Tertiary, and that man made his appearance near the beginning of the succeeding period, the Pleistocene.

One rather important item of difference in the two chronologies seems to lie in the matter pertaining to the appearance of fruit-bearing trees. The geological record states that they did not have their origin until long after the Biblical account places them. It should be noted, however, that plants as a whole are placed in their proper position in the chronological record, and this item, therefore, perhaps may be considered as of secondary importance.

The following outlined comparisons of the two chronologies will make their marked similarity, if not to say agreement, apparent:

BIBLICAL CHRONOLOGY	CHRONOLOGY DEDUCED BY SCIENCE
The appearance of light independent of the sun.	Activity begun, light an immediate result.
The appearance of the firmament or expanse.	The earth made an independent sphere through the accretion of the nebulous material.
Segregation of the land and water.	Outlining of the continental masses and ocean basins.
The creation of vegetation.	The appearance of vegetation soon followed by the lowest forms of animal life.
Creation of the sun, moon and stars.	The unscreened light of the sun reaches the earth.
Creation of water-living creatures.	Aquatic invertebrates abundant in the Cambrian, followed by fishes.
Creation of fowls.	First appearance of birds in the Jurassic, becoming abundant in the Cretaceous.
Creation of land-living creatures.	Appearance of mammals in the Tertiary.
Creation of man.	Appearance of man.

It, of course, cannot be argued that the two chronologies agree in every detail. One was written more than three thousand years ago, under circumstances entirely foreign to modern advancement, and had for its purpose the religious guidance of individuals untutored in even the crudest elements of science. Of necessity, it was couched in language which could be understood by its readers, and was not intended as a scientific presentation of the facts of creation. But well within the foreground of the Biblical account the chronology stands out in its true position.

It has previously been shown, in article I of this series, that the writer of the account could not have received his information from the learning of his day; that he could not have arrived at the matter through a process of reasoning, and that the chronology could not have been the result of chance. It has now been shown that the Biblical account has been vindicated in almost every detail by modern science. The only conclusion, therefore, which reasonably can be reached, is that the writer of this chro-

nology was inspired in his efforts, and consequently, that the divine authenticity of the Book of Genesis has been corroborated through the researches of modern science.

(THE END.)

The Fisherman.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Dawn in the mountains, its glory around him,
Far from the turmoil we wage for greed's god,
Tints that no brush ever yet touched to canvas,
Sparkling dewdrops that litter the sod;
Breath of the wild-wood, all laden with fragrance—
Sluggish blood leaps at the mystery it feels,
Waterfalls tumble with echoing laughter
Here at the shrine where the fisherman kneels.

Hurrying Night hides away in her caverns,
Conquered and routed by dimpling Morn,
Druid trees wave high their pinions, saluting
Crag æons old ere their green shafts were born.
All the wild life wakens now at his bidding,
He, the great Sun, coming into his own.
Carroling birds raise an anthem to greet him;
Darkness and shadow far westward have flown.

Untrammelled waters swirl, heeding no master,
Leaping and dashing with babble and roar,
White water-lilies find sun-dappled haven
In some broad bend cutting into the shore.
Shimmering lake glints with bright, dancing sunbeams,
Rippling waves kiss the grass-covered strand—
Mother and fawn crop the tender young cresses,
As in the cool water knee-deep they stand.

Wide stands the door to the soul who may enter
Into the holy of holies laid bare;
Nature's warm pulse throbs with joy to receive him
Into her temple to join in her prayer,
Raised and renewed by the touch she accords him.
Sordidness finds in his being no part.
Cleaner and better he comes from his fishing,
Feeling a kinship with Nature's great heart.

DR. J. LLOYD WOODRUFF.

Mapusaga, a Factor in Progressive Samoa.

BY ELDER JOHN Q. ADAMS, OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

III.

Appearing on the scene of comparatively late years, the elders of the Latter-day Saints, with their practical, forceful system of training the natives, have done much to raise the standard of intelligence of this island race to the requisite level of comprehending the meaning of life, where they might appreciate thoroughly and live consistently the gospel principles. Apparently a keen, correct insight into the difficult problems confronting the elders has been granted them, for within a fleeting twenty-eight years, our combined school and colonization system has forged to the front, until now our school at Mapusaga is the recognized leader among a number of much older institutions. Or, we



GROUP OF MAPUSAGA SCHOOL BOYS IN ONE OF THEIR PICTURESQUE DANCES.

might more properly say, the present combination dates back no further than 1902.

Why? one naturally asks. Laying aside all religious atmosphere,—for with Truth on our side we have the preponderating advantage—and there yet remains a cogent reason or so to advance. To begin, the one irrefutable fact must be implanted in the mind of the native, that no true happiness exists in an idle community. Work, as an antidote for tropical laziness, is a remedy not particularly emphasized by others to the extent that the Latter-day Saints lay stress upon it. In the development of our two local coconut plantations our Saints have done the brunt of the heavy, manual labor. The on-looker will invariably ask, “Do they take to it?” “Why all this reversal of the naturally lazy-going order of a hot zone?” “Why introduce manual labor among a race who feast continually without the



HOW COCOANUTS ARE BROUGHT
TO EARTH.

worry of much previous preparation?” Such queries were propounded to the writer by a tourist in Apia, not long since, and here is the reply given him: “My dear sir, had you but time to take a run up to our model village, you would then behold a community consisting entirely of those of our faith. You would observe the men going forth in the early morning, with axes on their shoulders, and after swinging all day at forest monsters, return in the evening, weary but contented. You would see the women as industriously engaged in the various avocations incident to such scenes, and in all the hum of a busily engaged collection of humanity, you would fail to find a discordant note of discontent or unwillingness; instead, the

new order of things would strike you as being rather a pleasing contrast to outside conditions, the half-clad savagery supplemented by the decently-attired, happy, contented individual."

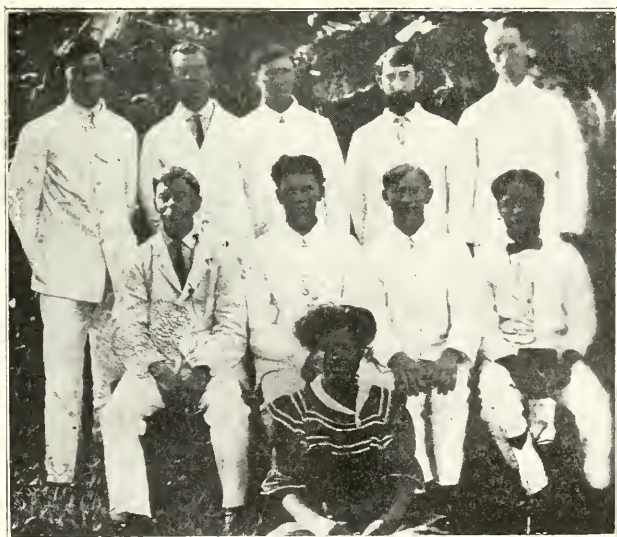
Thus was his question answered, and thus may all similar inquiries be met. Our Saints here, as elsewhere, *work*; and this means everything in advancement.

Again, while the universal custom of the islands is to use tobacco without restraint, our boys and girls are taught its baneful effects; and by prohibiting its use, we have model villages in this respect. With



A BANANA-LEAF HUT.

In which the elder lived who superintended the bush-cutting.



GROUP OF TUTUILA ELDERS AND NATIVE SCHOOL GIRL.

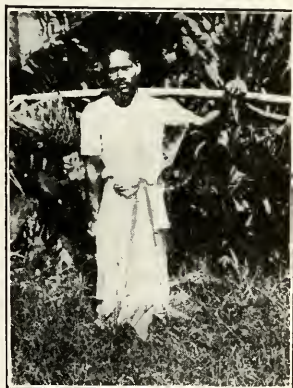


GROUP OF MAPUSAGA ENGLISH SPEAKING GIRLS.

respect to the old-time customs and habits which are difficult to eradicate, we may depend upon time and gradually weaning, to produce an entirely different, idealized race of people.

So much for a "preliminary survey," which, after all, is the gist of at least one division of the subject we had in mind in the beginning. A paragraph or so may be added relative to the actual prevailing conditions of the school, as an observer might view it, in its daily routine.

Suppose he should come strolling in from the coast some early morning. After an inland walk of three miles, partly through banana and cocoanut patches, and partly in the dense shade of the tropical wilderness, he would suddenly emerge into the dazzling light of a big clearing adorned with stumps, great tree-trunks and short shrubbery, and interspersed at regular intervals with small cocoanut trees. The trail borders



BRINGING THE ELDERS'
FOOD.

the clearing for nearly

a mile, the broad, bare mountain side being displayed to good advantage, surmounted by a fringe of forest for all the world like a gigantic, well-trimmed pompadour. (The illustration appeared in the November ERA, page 54.)



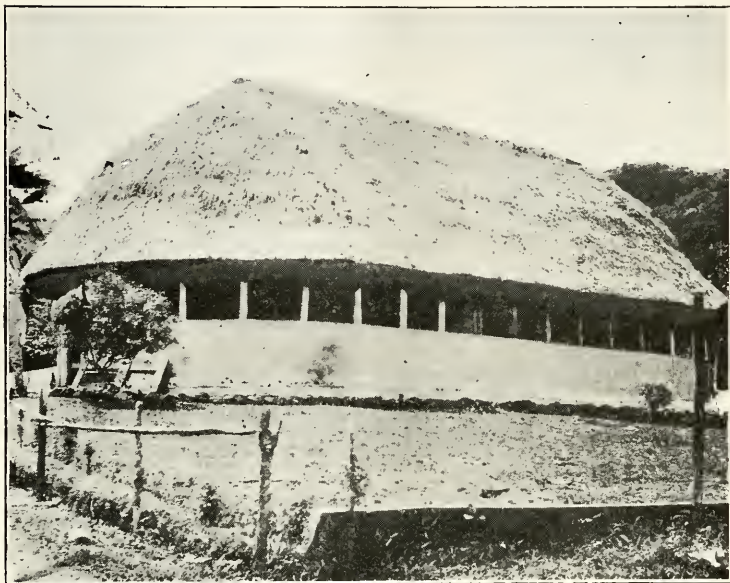
ONE OF OUR BRIGHT
YOUNG BOYS

Shortly, extensive banana patches are passed and directly the first half-dozen thatched houses of our village peep out from either side of the trail, as the village green or playground is traversed. The elders' house, undoubtedly the only good one of its class on the islands, looms up pretentiously from its elevated site. It is large and roomy—56x25 feet, with lumber floor, partitions and side railings, the upper part being native made. It is at once simple,



SECTION OF MAPUSAGA, AS IT APPEARS FROM THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

strong, and above all else, cool and airy—a necessary point to be considered here. The church and schoolhouse, a large, frame building is also situated on a commanding spot of ground, and one is struck with astonishment to learn that the material for both these large buildings, as well as for other things, was all carried up a narrow, stony, bushy trail, a distance of three miles, on the backs of school boys and girls. Rather a forceful argu-



The photos in this article by the author.

ELDERS' HOUSE, MAPUSAGA.

ment of itself, no doubt. Tons of sand and lime-rock, boards, timbers, roofing iron, kegs of nails, barrels of cement, each weighing three hundred and sixty pounds, etc., etc., all find a secure resting place upon the calloused shoulders of these children, and all without complaint. And added to this is the fact that in the early morning food is prepared, while from seven until twelve they are busy in school. Immediately upon dismissal of school, off they trudge, day after day, to either weed the plantation with

great, long knives, cut trees, or carry burdens of various sorts

from the coast. Is it any wonder that the elders learn to love them?



CHURCH AND SCHOOLHOUSE.

This building serves for both church and school. The material was carried on the backs of school children, from the coast, a distance of three miles, up a stony, narrow, bushy trail.

By degrees, as months mould themselves into years, perhaps two or three, the once rough diamond takes on a polish of the sort that most encourages the teacher, and in the semi-annual pilgrimage our school takes to Pago Pago, with a well prepared conference program to present before the crew of the man of war stationed there, the children are supremely happy in the light of the new life.

In conclusion: There is deep joy and satisfaction in this bringing of the young generation of Lamanites to the comparatively high standard their forefathers once departed from when jealousy, hatred and sin crept into the family of Father Lehi, sending his two eldest sons on a downward course, as the progenitors of a race that, after some hundreds of years of retrogression, has fallen into line with the spirit of the times, and is steadily regaining lost ground. In the accomplishing of this on these islands, our school at Mapusaga is playing a recognized part of consequence.

PAGO PAGO, SAMOA.

Laboring in such a place is inspirational in many ways. One sees a small, uncouth tot begin an uphill career in the school, his instinct telling him that Samoan ideals are in advance of all others, while his teacher and surrounding conditions forcefully proclaim to the contrary.

Life's Work.

(For the Improvement Era.)

How weak the words we often choose,
How frail the weapons that we use,
 In teaching truth or fighting wrong!
And duty's oft a dusty road,
And for our strength too great the load,
 As the still years pass along.

But sometimes, through a mist of tears,
Fair blooming in the vale of years,
 All unexpectedly we meet
A young soul saved, a sin laid low,
A virtue planted where 'twould grow—
 A recompense for weary feet.

Then to oblivion's shadowy plain,
Departs the care, the grief, the pain,
 The soul bathes in immortal light;
We feel God rather blessed the thought
Than anything our hands have wrought,
 'Tis his, the soul, the truth, the fight.

How bright the blooms from seeds we sow,
Only the Infinite can know,
 Our dim eyes cannot see.
What depth of bliss or wordless woe
May from our lightest accents flow,
 Is curtained by eternity.

ELLEN LEE SANDERS.

The Nephite Shepherd.

A Book of Mormon Story, in Two Parts.

BY ARTHUR V. WATKINS.

PART TWO.

I.—Tomorrow—and then—a Kingdom!

It was a beautiful day. The fields outside the city were carpeted with vegetation. Nature had smiled on the people of Zarahemla. The spring rains had been plentiful. The harvest the year before was great, but the prospects for the one in the future were even greater. The parks within the city were at the height of beauty. The trees, tropic and temperate, were loaded with blossoms, filling the air with a delightful fragrance. The lawns and gardens were in such splendor as to cause the heart of the worst pessimist to rejoice.

Glad, apparently, were the hearts of two young people, as they sat looking into each others' faces, upon this day when all the world seemed to smile. But it was only seemingly, as later events proved. They had been out in the garden, in the rear of the chief governor's home, talking of their coming marriage. They had spent many evenings in the garden, listening to the play of the fountains, hunting some new flower, or watching the sun set beyond the distant mountains of their beloved land. To Zira it seemed almost an enchanted place—this garden of her father's—she never became tired of being in it, and showing its beauty to those whom she loved.

To Zemnariah it was a doubly enchanted place, almost holy,

if such thing were possible in this life. To this home he had been welcomed by the generous governor. Their friendship had commenced at the time of the rescue of Lamoni and Zira from the hands of the mob on that eventful day of Samuel's prophecy. Through this one act of bravery, Zemnariah had won the love and confidence of the governor's household. True, he had known the family before, but it had been only as mere acquaintances. He had known Zira in the schools of the city, and there he had learned to love her.

That incident, five years previous, had been a lucky one for Zemnariah and the cause he was sworn to serve. Even Giddianhi was pleased. The very thing the society needed was a member who shared the confidence of the governor, or chief judge. It mattered little to him that it made of the youth a traitor to friends.

The governor stood in the way, and, as it was his office they were working for, they must put him out of the way. According to the law, he held the office for life. It was their plan to take his life as soon as they had the necessary support from the people. It was five years from the day that Samuel had made his remarkable prophecy—many claimed it was past the day. It was now time to strike the blow that would make Zemnariah governor, and then all would be easy sailing for the astute Giddianhi.

But to return to the lovers in the garden. Zemnariah was speaking.

"When I look into your face, Zira, I become impatient. It's no use for us to wait longer for that time to come. The day is already past, some say, that the sign should be given. It's all foolishness for us to wait longer. Can you not see that I love you, and that it is my great love for you that makes me impatient?"

"Yes, I know you love me, Zemnariah; but I don't understand you. Why this sudden haste? Why today—and against father's wish, when in a few days, at the longest, we may be married and have his blessing? If we should be married today, while he is at Moroni, I would be disgraced in his eyes. A father's blessing never would be ours."

"I have waited so long for you—these many years!" he pleaded.

"And it is because I desire to keep your respect and love that I would have you wait," she replied. "Oh, I wonder why that message came just as it did? Father felt impressed not to go, but the messenger said the affair was urgent, so he set off at once, and he is needed so badly here!"

"But—Zira—"

"Speak no further of it. I will not consent. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' is the law of God. Don't tempt me to break it."

"Honor thy father and thy mother!" It rang in his ears. A flash of memory brought back the scene in the bed-chamber, his father lying on his death-bed. It came nearly catching him off his guard; but he was already steeped too much in sin for his bleared conscience to hurt him. Banquets, flattery, wine and women had finally hardened him to anything like the sting of a guilty conscience. Giddianhi had done his work well, he had brought the youth around to just where he wanted him, by letting him have his own way.

"Zira, you are a dear girl. Little do I wonder that half the men in the city are in love with you. I am really getting jealous. Forgive me now for my impetuosity. Since you deny me that, I have but one more request to make. Please don't deny me that," he pleaded. "Meet me tomorrow evening about sundown, in the garden, the same place where we meet today."

"I promise," she answered quickly, feeling that she ought to concede something because of his generosity in yielding.

"You may think it strange," he continued, "but I feel that tomorrow night you may need my protection. There is a feeling of unrest among the populace, but nothing serious, so don't be alarmed. I am only anxious to be in your presence. It is punishment to be away. I must be going now—some important affairs need my attention."

A passionate embrace, and he bade her farewell, saying, "Don't forget the walk in the garden."

Out in the street he walked rapidly, until he came to the public park adjoining the governor's home. Here, he walked leisurely,

turning his head now and then to look back. Seeing that no one was in sight, he darted quickly behind a thicket of shrubs, then walked cautiously into the wooded portion of the park. Arriving at a certain tree, he eyed carefully some faint marks on its surface. Being assured that it was the place he was looking for, he gave a low whistle. A few moments passed in silence, a dry twig or two snapped, and he stood face to face with Giddianhi.

"What developments, Giddianhi?"

"All goes well. The meeting of the society was held at your home. Reports from the various officers showed that the city is with us, at least two-thirds of the people are ready and willing to execute our plans. We are sure of success at last; nothing but the impossible can prevent it."

"What was the decision of the meeting?"

"Just as we had planned. The proposition went through without a dissenting vote. All those who believe in the utterings of Samuel are to die tomorrow evening at dusk, except—"

"Except what?"

"Except the sign be given. The men to do the slaying are already appointed. You and I are to lead them. What did you find out at the governor's home?"

"The governor took the bait. He is now in Moroni, and cannot return in time to hinder our plans in the least," replied Zemnariah.

"Is that all?"

"No," he continued. "The house is well guarded. Lamoni, the converted Lamanite, is the watch-dog. We will have to dispose of him. I leave that to you, also. I found a hiding place for the men."

"Ah, then the girl wouldn't marry you today? What about the hiding place?" queried Giddianhi.

"She will be in the south side of the garden shortly before sunset. It is a retired spot, suitable for our purpose," the other answered.

"Wouldn't marry you—ha, ha!" Giddianhi mused. "Well, I suppose it is better to wait a day or two—the other plan will work better. Perhaps the offer of a king to make her a queen will be

more of a temptation." He laughed gutturally. "Tomorrow—and then—a kingdom!"

Giddianhi whistled softly twice. In a few moments three armed men appeared. He introduced them as members just in from the mountains. They were to be Zemnarihah's companions in his little plan with Zira.

II.—Watching and Waiting.

Zira was troubled. Why should he want to be married today, when her father was expected home the next night? Although she accepted the explanation that it was because of his impetuosity and intense love, yet she was troubled. His request took on a new significance, when she remembered the suspicions Lamoni had revealed to her the day previous. Strange she had not thought of it before. Lamoni said he had seen Zemnariah talking with a man, near the east gate, who very much resembled the messenger from Moroni. It could not be that Zemnariah had anything to do with her father being called away? Impossible! And she chided herself for thinking it. Thus the matter was dismissed from her mind.

While thinking over the past interview, she had been selecting some of her father's favorite flowers to put in his room, in case he should return before morning. She was engaged at this when Lamoni—the converted Lamanite—approached her.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she said, holding out her hand. "I have wondered where you were all this day. You went without greeting me this morning. What makes you so pale? You work too hard these warm days, my good Lamoni. What would father do without you, I wonder? Not tired? Come, what is it?"

"Nothing that I am sure of, dear Zira—only this: the city is in an uproar—the people seem to have gone mad. There is great trouble coming. I heard of it in the market-place, among the merchants and street gossipers, and even in the Hall of Justice. Woe be unto our people! Woe be unto Zarahemla, our beloved city! Oh, God, be merciful!" He paused.

"Come, Lamoni!" Zira waited with breathless expectation.

"The people are raving against the government, claiming that they will have no more priests ruling over them. And the

poor people, who believe in Samuel's words, are taunted, ridiculed and beaten in the streets. Oh, that your father were here! He might stop their sufferings.

"The worst is yet to come. I heard whisperings of something dark and bloody for tomorrow. It is with this that I am greatly concerned. I fear for the lives of the people of God. I went today to the judges, under your father, and asked them for armed protection for our people; but this they denied me. They laughed and mocked, told me to go back to the Lamanites, and that I had no business in a Nephite city. But, Zira, I should not tell you this—no need for you to suffer, also."

"But can there be nothing done? Are there no means of protection?" was the girl's passionate cry.

"Only one." Lamoni spoke impressively. "And that is not within human power, but belongs to God alone. You know that my kinsman, Samuel, declared that the Son of God would be born in five years from the time he spoke. The wicked say the time has already passed, that Samuel was a liar, and that his followers are liars and thieves. The fulfilling of that promise will confound our enemies, and all will be well. May that day be quickened!"

The girl whispered an Amen, saying, "The prayers of the righteous never go unanswered! Let us hope!"

"Zira, you are a brave girl!" He turned abruptly around. "There is something, Zira, that I have longed to tell you for years, but I have held it back. Tonight, there is something within me that compels utterance—God knows I may never have another chance—Zira, I love you!"

She stood speechless.

"I am wrong—I should not have told you!" he quickly added. "But I could not help loving you, although I knew your heart and hand were given to another, and that I had no right to speak. But it is done—forgive my rashness!"

She held out her hands. "Lamoni, you are too good. I do not deserve your love. Pray to God that you may come to love another far more deserving. Let us remain brother and sister, as we have been for the years that we have known each other. Look, the sun is setting! May we not see the glorious things spoken of, this very night?"

Hand in hand they went to a stone seat on a little eminence in the garden, and there sat waiting and watching. A picture of beauty they were. Zira, her long, dark braids of hair hanging down her back, the white silk robe, loosely fastened at her throat, revealed a neck of spotless white. Lamoni, with the curse of Laman removed, was a peer in manly grace, if not a superior, to any of his Nephite brethren.

The sun disappeared; expectation increased; every moment of time was carefully counted, the heavens watched. A star here and there became dimly visible, gradually growing brighter. Twilight faded away, and with it the hopes of many of the despairing.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN FEBRUARY ERA.)

Thou Art Everywhere Before Us.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Thou art everywhere before us,
Lord, dispelling all our fears,
In the blue dome arching o'er us
Pregnant with her plunging spheres.

In the seasons, slowly filing
Down the ages' broad expanse,
We behold thee kindly smiling
Through fair nature's countenance.

In the love-light softly glowing
Deep in every human breast,
In the blessings to us flowing,
Thy great love is manifest.

All things point to thy parental
Hand, O gracious Lord, but most
We may know thee through the gentle
Whisper of the Holy Ghost.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

THE NEW YEAR.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Hail Winter's Spring!—When the heart flowers—
Peep out, peep out, oh, purple violet
Of Love, hide thou no longer in the leaves
Of thy reserve. 'Tis time to show the world
That thou art here.

Ah me, and what a Spring:—
All summer's flowers lavished from the first.
"Here's pansies—they're for thoughts"—old thoughts made
new—

New love for the old loves time holds more dear.
Here are Forget-me-nots—smiles of those eyes
That looked most kindly on you. Here's a thing—
A leaf from what we scarcely call a shrub,
Almost a weed—the half restrained, half free
Movement of kinship from a beggar's hand
We partly touched in passing. Sunflower here
Speaks of a friend that laughed and made her laugh
Golden, that desert wastes might gleam more fair.
And here's a primrose, fragile, heavenly sweet,
The fragrance of a baby's mouth that smiled.
Ho! old King Winter, but thy garden's fair!

Yon icicle hung pendant from the roof
Is never water-gyved by Jailor Frost,
'Tis heaven's white orchid, rarest of rare flowers,
That caught within its insect-loving lips
Six little glow worms speeding from the sun,
Six little glow worms that can fly so fast
They make all places one.

Now, what is this
 Fair, vapory, feathery thing my breath throws out?
 Ay, here's a fancy—'Tis that splendid thing
 That opes but once a year, the exquisite
 Night blooming cerus that in Winter's Spring
 We dub Forgetfulness. Low on the graves
 Of all dead hatreds, dead desires, dead griefs,
 Lay this white, sheeny bloom. No more a tho't
 Shall go their silent way. No more a tear
 Shall damp their sward. No more a hand shall clench
 Or brows grow knotted with the weight of them.
 Let them rot where they lie! and fertilize
 The earth to fairer things—Who cares?—not we!—
 The world is beautiful—it teems with Life—
 God! who would stop to haggle with the dead?—
 The teeming world!—It stretches like a fan,
 'Tis all outspread!—We stand upon the point,
 And that great unknown, that vast wondrous rest
 Is all BEFORE!

Oh, ring, ring out, ye bells,
 Ye bells of Yuletide that proclaim the Birth;
 Ring till that farther season that chimes forth
 "Lo, He is ris'n!"

I stand upon the Bridge
 That links ye both and lets no stream divide—
 The bridge of the ETERNAL!

All may go,
 Cycle on cycle, endless, infinite,
 Birth, Death and Rising,

Ring, oh, ring, ye bells,
 There cometh aye a time when all is NEW!

Kate Thomas.

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

XIII.—The Optimism that Really Counts.

Optimism is the sunshine of the soul radiated in action. It is true religion as a living, compelling fact—not a mere theory. It is sturdy confidence that right must triumph—united to tireless courage to make it triumph. Optimism is the finest weapon in the armory of the individual. It unifies all the aggressive, undaunted virtues of his strength into a force and an inspiration. It means fighting for, or with, the battalions of right, love, justice and truth—with determination to win. True optimism is something more than a continuous performance of hope. It is the joy of living—made an actual fact. It means seeking the best, living the best, doing the best. It means focusing all that is highest in our character to meet conditions.

Merely thinking, hoping and trusting that somehow, somewhere, somewhen, things will come out right, while we do nothing to make them come out right, is sunstruck folly—not optimism. It is a hammock philosophy for a sultry day, when you are too drowsy to think and really do not care what whimsey of non-thinking plays games in your mind. No farmer outside of the pages of *The Arabian Nights* would expect nature alone to seed and fertilize and plow his fields and then to harvest his crops and put them in his barns without any human help whatever but his thinking. The exaggerated belief in the superhuman effect of thought as a direct power is—the folly of many.

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

This truly comfortable restfulness is merely a perfumed hot-air sentimentality. It dulls moral energy and deadens purpose. It is opiatism—not optimism. It is only mental or moral laziness, wearing a rainbow robe of beautiful confidence. It may give a temporary fictitious strength to character, but is ever revealed as weakness—in a crisis. It is only a *papier-mache* shield—punctured in the first battle with the stern realities of life.

There is a light, jaunty, bubbling, care-free humor that takes the low fences of petty worries—neatly, gracefully. It smiles nonchalantly because it has never seen real trouble. This lightweight philosophy usually wilts at the first touch of real sorrow, grief and loss, like a straw hat meeting a sudden rain-storm. This is a sort of kindergarten optimism that sees only the sun—untouched by clouds. Real optimism knows the sun is ever shining—despite the dark, heavy clouds that may obscure it. It knows that darkness is ever the herald and messenger of dawn—the new illumination and inspiration that must come. True optimism seeks to live in the broad sunlight—when it can. It seeks to rest serene and confident of the outcome—when all seems dark.

Verestchagin, the great Russian painter, had a glass studio constructed at his home near Paris. It revolved on wheels, moved by a windlass placed near his easel, and he was thus enabled to paint all day with the sunlight falling—in one direction on his models and drapery. He who has cultivated optimism to be part of the real equipment of character thus turns constantly to the light of truth, love and kindness, and to the growing brightness of the *real* things of our living.

Cheerfulness has done much good; it has been stimulating, kindly and helpful. It causes a cheery message. It often prevents sorrow, worry, deep grief from becoming contagious. This cheerfulness is sweet when natural; brave, strong and sturdy when assumed. Cheerfulness is a sort of germicide of the emotions; it deadens their power to injure others, and soothes the individual. But cheerfulness at its very best and highest is not—optimism. It has never the full, free completeness, finality, depth of—optimism.

Cheerfulness may be a blossom of which optimism is the plant, Cheerfulness may be refreshing rills of which optimism is the

fountain. Cheerfulness may be a smile on the face; optimism is the smile in the heart—when one is fighting hardest. Cheerfulness may be the gentle bubbling voice of a hopeful temperament or a sunny disposition; optimism is the clear, convincing individual tone of the finest depth of our character.

Optimism seeks to discover the good points in the acts of those around us, to let their little weaknesses and failings fade into nothingness in the shadow of our charity. It seeks to emphasize their best, to recognize it, to appeal to it, to call it forth and to develop it. A smile, a word of sympathy, a touch of human kindness, a handclasp of fellowship, an unexpected bit of tenderness, courtesy or consideration, will accomplish wonders. It is syndicating sunlight, and that is what real optimism is. It has a cheering, magic, healthful power that no amount of criticism or reproof could accomplish in changing others. True optimism must begin in the—thought. It must be real and living in word, act and atmosphere. It cannot be put on as a veneer from the outside; this is a grand-stand play, not a private performance.

Optimism cannot foresee the suffering that may come to us, but we can sturdily determine the effect we will let it have on us. Sorrow comes in so many guises, but we must all “drink our cup.” The hardest of all our cups of sorrow comes from the hand that should never be the one to force it to our lips, or it is some cup that gives agony to us because we cannot save another from it. There is the stirrup cup of parting, when we turn our horse’s head away from the inn of our hope—never to return. The quassia cup made bitter by that from which it is cut, and more bitter in memory.

The loving-cup, when moistened by unmeaning lips and passed to us, may later seem to carry a note of treachery we may not understand aright—till too late. There is the cup of consolation that kindly hands gently press to fevered lips. There is that greatest cup of a final, supreme grief like that given to the great Optimist of Calvary that “could not pass.” These are but types of the cups of life. We should drink them—if drink we must—as Socrates bravely drank his poisoned hemlock, valiantly quitting a world unworthy his noble life with them.

The man of optimism should be kindest in criticizing others and

never put the hand of harsh judgment on the unhealed wound of another's sorrow. Keenly, vividly, personally conscious of the trials, cares, sorrow, hunger, loneliness and suffering of life, he knows how often he failed and still fought on till at last he found his way—back to the sunlight. The optimist believes courageously that there is a reserve strength in man that brings sudden new inspiration to bear or to conquer, like the unexpected arrival of new food or troops in a siege.

The optimist, with new courage in his heart, new determination in his mind, and rebel tears secretly gleaming near his eyes, may rise superior to all unjust assaults. He may accept needless pain without cynicism, may meet betrayal without thought of revenge, may have to battle face to face with cruel disappointment without flinching and yet be victorious in a bettered self, though vanquished in what was dearest—the hope and heaven of his living.

Optimism realizes that life is bigger than any single battle. The true soul has no final Waterloo; it has only its latest defeat, with its golden message of why it failed and how it may win in the next conflict. There may be in a very defeat an unwonted victory within our own life—a new revelation of latent power, and a glow and tingle of new courage. This may come to us while the bugle notes of triumph of the enemy still ring in our ears, their flaunting shouts of victory yet telling us of the prize we have lost, and their smiles of conquest hardly faded from their eyes and lips. Many a seeming defeat may force us to retreat to higher grounds, where we may stand in stronger array, re-intrenched, re-inspired—to fight harder than ever.

With true optimism, we can face poverty without permitting it to harden us, we can meet trial and sorrow and remain calm and unworried, stand bravely when we do not see the way to walk. We can let the glow of optimism so warm our soul that we remain simple, strong, sincere, and unruffled despite any environment. We thus may conquer adverse conditions by making them powerless to harm us—when we are unable to change them. Optimism is the armor of brave souls who fight conditions and never surrender to domination by the darker side of life that dares to daunt them.

The optimism that counts does not let the individual—take

whatever thoughts may come. It is a power that enables him to a degree to select his own thoughts, to stimulate and encourage those that add to his strength, that are wings to his purpose, that thrill his energy with new consciousness of power. He gains control over those memories that take the smile from his face, strength from his mind and joy from his heart. Optimism inspires a man to reduce all depressing effects to a minimum, to raise resistance to a maximum, to cut off the friction of worry and useless regret. They magnify weakness, minify strength. Optimism has no use for them.

We never make conditions easier by telling ourselves how awful our troubles are; by feeding our griefs for fear they may die a natural death; by intensifying every element of pain. The optimism that is worth anything makes one person smile at troubles that would put another out of the running altogether. It finds joy because it is trained to see the tiniest glint of it as a miner's eyes are quick to recognize the slightest speck of gold in his pan. Optimism sees roses in life because it is looking for them; receives love because it is exhaling it. It forgets its sorrows in counting anew its blessings. It makes life truer, higher and finer for self by making it sunnier for others. This is—the optimism that counts.

(The next chapter in this series, "Power of Individual Purpose," will appear in the February, 1911, number of the ERA.)



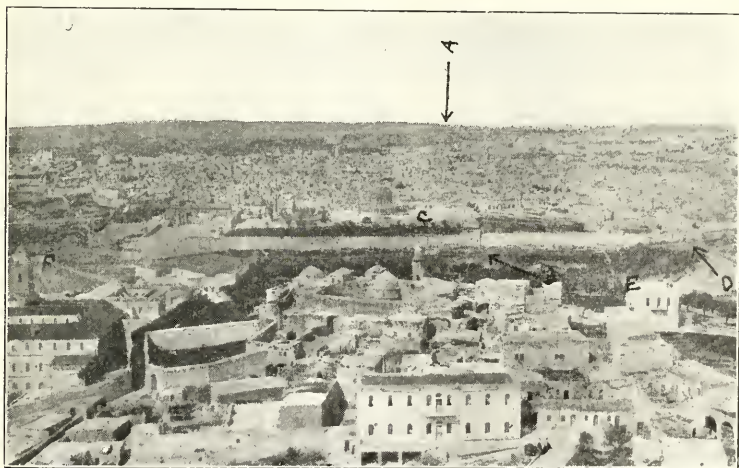
Elder Don C. Smith writes, November 30, that he and his companion, Elder August J. Johnson, have labored in New York City for the past six months, holding street meetings and visiting friends. The cold weather has put a stop to these meetings, and they are now canvassing from house to house, and holding cottage meetings with Saints and friends. Much good has been accomplished in the street meetings, and through them much literature has gone into the homes of people who otherwise could not have been reached. The accompanying portraits are those of Don C. Smith, Snowflake, Arizona, and August J. Johnson, Provo, Utah.

Pen Pictures of the Holy Land, From Dan to Beersheba.

BY HAMILTON GARDNER.

III.—Random Strolls in the Holy City.

Imagine you were standing with me on the Mount of Olives, looking down at Jerusalem. There, spread out before us, lies the Holy City—the abiding place of prophets, the scene of the world's greatest tragedy, the first home of the Christian Church. To reach this goal, millions of pilgrims—Jew, Christian and Moham-



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Arrow A points to the round-domed Church of the Sepulchre. B points to the Golden Gate. Letter C is the temple area, and to the left of it is the Mosque of Omar. Arrow D points to the Gate of St. Stephen. The Kidron Valley extends from E to F.

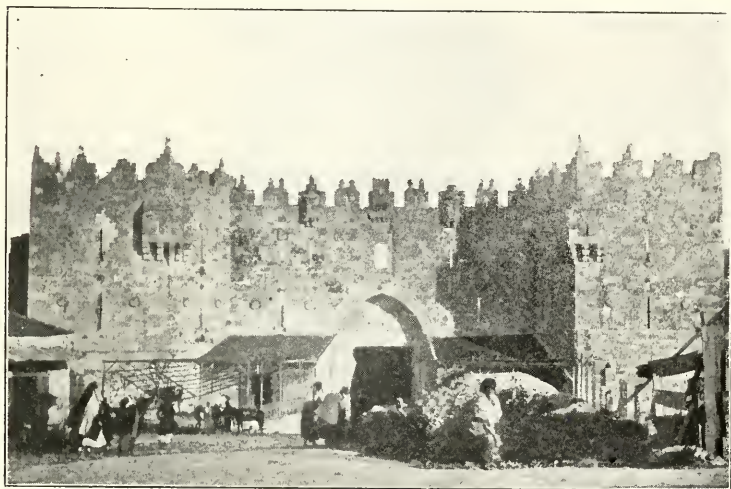
medan—have striven during many ages. The mere thought of this city in infidel hands was the prime reason why thousands of fanatical Crusaders uselessly sacrificed their lives. Even today great numbers of people suffer indescribable hardships and make heart-breaking sacrifices to realize their heart's ambition in a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. So, just consider first what an important part the Holy City has played and is playing in the emotions and lives of men.

Let me give you a warning before we start on our sight-seeing. You must not expect to find Jerusalem beautiful. It has been under Mohammedan control too long for that. Also, you must anticipate no pleasure except that of visiting the city's historical and religious points of interest. On every hand you will find only intense fanaticism, jealousy and bigotry, Just one motive impels men to come to Jerusalem—religion. That is the whole soul and life of the place. To understand in the least some of the things you will later see, it is imperative that you keep this fact in mind.

The population of Jerusalem is about one hundred thousand. Of this number about sixty-five thousand are Jews, most of whom have assembled here during the last twenty years. This is a highly significant fact, showing, as it does, that the Old Testament prophecies in regard to the gathering of scattered Judah are being fulfilled. Besides the natives of the country, the Holy City's population includes representatives from almost every Christian nation, our own among the rest. I was fortunate in staying with the American colony—about one hundred and fifty Americans, who were led here about twenty-seven years ago by a man named Spafford, from Chicago. These people live in a social community, their system much resembling what the Latter-day Saints call the United Order. They are seemingly successful in their attempts to imitate the communion of the first Christians. Everything appears to be done in unity, love and good-fellowship. President Booth, of the Turkish mission, who accompanied us on most of our trips through Palæstine, and whose knowledge of the Bible and familiarity with the country proved invaluable, introduced Brother Thomas P. Page and myself, in Jerusalem, to a Mr. Rollo Floyd, the last member of a colony planted in the Holy

Land forty-six years ago by one of the factions of the sect founded by David Whitmer.

Don't forget that we are still standing on the Mount of Olives. We occupy the same position that Christ did, when, after the Last Supper, he came out on this hill with his disciples. With the temple in full view, just across the Kidron valley, he predicted its destruction, and enumerated the signs of his second coming. Here we get an admirable view of the east part of the



THE DAMASCUS GATE.

city wall, with the gates of St. Stephen—the traditional site of the stoning of that martyr—and the now walled up Golden Gate, through which Christ rode in triumph into the city.

But let us go down into the city, and enjoy a stroll through those crooked lanes and alleys, which in Jerusalem are called streets. Above everything else, you will be struck by the cosmopolitan character of the people. This is easily explained. Jerusalem is not only a Holy City to the Christians, but to the Jews and Mohammedans as well. Pilgrims and travelers, representing these three great religions, are present from almost every nation under heaven. Americans, Copts, Greeks, Arabs and Europeans rub elbows with Abyssinians, Turks, Armenians, Syrians, Jews and

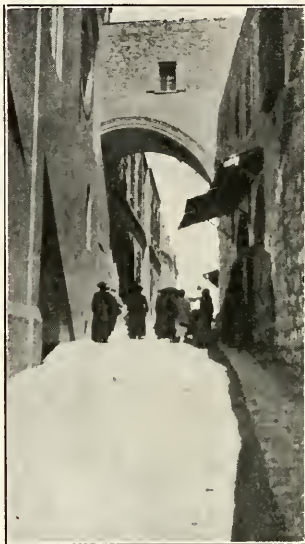
Russians. Each brings his own language and dress, so the result is a confusion which only the Tower of Babel could rival.

Let us follow, for a short time, the Via Dolorosa, or Street of Pain. It begins at the Judgment Hall, where Christ was questioned by Pilate, scourged, mocked, and finally delivered over to his death. Cross -

at this point is called Ecce Homo has it, that he would not enter came out on this the blood-thirsty exposed to their Christ crowned arrayed in a purple Dolorosa connects with the Church chre, and marks route the doomed way to Golgotha. the distance by Latin and Greek stations tradition- with the incidents ney. Some of been worn smooth devout pilgrims.

One of the most interesting places in Jerusalem is the Wailing Place of the Jews. Every Friday evening, devout Jews, in their curious, long robes, and fur caps, assemble at a certain part of the temple-wall, and participate in a most curious service. Standing close to the wall and swaying slowly backward and forward, they bewail the departed glory of their nation, and entreat Jehovah to speedily gather his children in power back to Jerusalem. To see those aged Jews, with tears streaming down their cheeks, earnestly praying God to "restore again Zion," is a most touching sight.

To feel really close to the glory of old Jerusalem, a visit to the Temple Area is necessary. The site of Solomon's temple has



THE VIA DOLOROSA.
Showing the Ecce Homo Arch.

ing over the street part of the so-Arch. Tradition cause the Jews his house, Pilate arch, talked to mob below, and mocking gaze, with thorns and ple robe. The Via the Judgment Hall of the Holy Sepulchre the supposed Jesus took on his Marked every limestone bearing inscriptions, are ally connected of this sad journey these stones have by the kisses of

been occupied by many buildings. The temples of Nehemiah and Herod, a pagan temple of the Romans, and the Crusader's church, have all been erected there, and now a Mohammedan mosque bears witness of the changes time works. While nothing is left of old Jewish days, the mere fact that the temple of God once stood here makes it holy ground. It is said no Jew will enter the Temple Area for fear of treading on the Holy of Holies. Over a big rock on the highest part of the temple enclosure is the beautiful Mosque of Omar. Moslems believe that this rock is the scene of Abraham's interrupted sacrifice of Isaac, and the hoof-print of Mohammed's horse, as he sprang into heaven, is also shown.

Come with me now out into the Kidron valley, on the east of the city. Notice the great number of graves by the city wall. For every grave-stone



THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

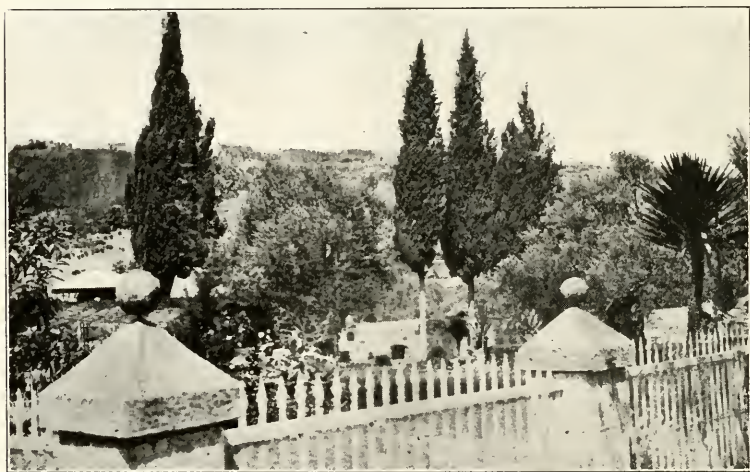
or seven Mohammedans lie buried below. They believe the last judgment will take place here, and they desire to be close at hand. A thin wire will be stretched from the Mount of Olives to the city wall, and over this every one will be compelled to walk. The righteous will be borne up by their guardian angels, and will pass over safely, while the wicked will fall into perdition.

Further up the valley we come to the Garden of Gethsemane, a place you will never forget after once visiting. Outside the entrance are shown the places where the apostles slept, and where Judas gave the betraying kiss—but we will hasten on into the garden. Franciscan monks care for the trees and bushes, and it is indeed a beautiful place. The surroundings inspire us, and we try to picture, in a small degree, the agony which Christ suffered here. "And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and knelt down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

this cup from me! Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done. . . . And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

("Easter at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre" is the title of the next article in this series, to be continued in the February ERA.)

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

Joseph Smith, a Prophet of God.

BY ELDER GEORGE W. CROCKWELL.

III.

Next let me present for consideration a revelation given December 25, 1832, called the revelation on war. You will find it in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 87. Take the revelation up a verse at a time, and consider the verses separately:

Verse 1. Verily, thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls.

You will note there is no equivocation, but a bold assertion: "Thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass." You will also please take notice that the Lord uses the word *wars* in the plural—meaning more than one: that these wars will start at South Carolina—that is, the war starting there will be the first, and others are to follow. There is no claim that the wars which are to follow will be in consequence of that first war, nor will they be a continuance of that war. I shall take this question up more fully later on.

Did the first war, or rebellion, start at South Carolina? If so, that part was literally fulfilled. History states that on April 12, 1861, some twenty-nine years after the date the revelation was given, South Carolina rebels led against the north part of the United States, and that General P. G. T. Beauregard opened fire, and gave a heavy bombardment to Fort Sumter.

This was the beginning of one of the most fratricidal wars in the world's history. Father fought against son, and brother

against brother, and it did terminate in the death and misery of many souls. Let the figures of history show that the civil war terminated in the death and misery of many souls as foretold by the Prophet Joseph Smith:

The whole number of men called in the Union service was over two million six hundred ninety thousand men, of whom one million four hundred thousand were in actual service. Nearly sixty thousand were killed in battle, and about thirty-five thousand were mortally wounded, one hundred eighty-four thousand died of disease in camps and hospitals. Thus about three hundred thousand perished on the Union side and about the same number of the Confederates perished, making a total loss of six hundred thousand to the nation.—*Library of Universal History*, Vol. 7, page 2921.

Thus was the prophecy in regard to the death of many souls literally fulfilled; as to the misery of many souls, in addition to the grief for loved ones, and the misery of those who died from disease in camps, etc., as given above, I will give further figures from history:

About four hundred thousand were crippled or disabled for life, on both sides. The records of the war department show that two hundred and twenty thousand Confederates were made prisoners during the war, of whom nearly twenty-six thousand died of wounds or disease during captivity, while of one hundred twenty-six thousand Union soldiers captured, nearly twenty-three thousand died while prisoners. It is estimated that the whole number of Union captives [was one hundred and ninety-six thousand, of whom forty-one thousand died in captivity.

With the above figures before him, no person will deny that the war did terminate in the death and misery of many souls.

Verse 2, *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 87, reads: "The days will come that war will be poured out on all nations, beginning at that place." (South Carolina.)

Now the question is, who is going to cause this war to be poured out on all nations? Not man; the revelation reads: "Thus saith the Lord, it is He that will do it." And he does not say that this war that is to be poured out on all nations is a continuance of the Civil war, nor in consequence of it, but that war will be poured out on all nations, and the war starting at South Caro-

lina will be the first or beginning of the war that is to be poured out on all nations. How has this been fulfilled? Let us turn to history and see if war has been poured out on all nations, beginning at South Carolina:

A D. 1861:

Rebellion, or Civil War, in the U. S.

Franco-Mexican war, in which the Spanish, French and British invaded Mexico.

Mexico was the scene of almost continued civil war until 1876.

1862:

Greek revolution.

Polish insurrection against Russian Authority.

Mohammedan rebellion in China.

Garibaldi, determined on the forcible annexation of Rome to the Italian kingdom, with a force of volunteers raised in Sicily, defeated an Italian force at Reggis.

1864:

Civil war in Japan.

The Schleswig-Holstein war, in which Denmark, Austria, Prussia, and the German powers were involved.

War between Japan and Peru.

Republics of Laplata, Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentine were at war against Paraguay.

Soongaria gained its independence from China.

During the civil war in Japan the Mikado's troops fired upon the ships of England, France, Holland and the United States. These powers compelled her to pay an indemnity of three million dollars.

War broke out between Spain and Peru. Chili joined Peru in this war.

The gigantic rebellion of Tac-ping Wong, China, was suppressed after much bloodshed.

1865:

Chili joined Peru in the war with Japan.

In war with the Kahn of Bokham, the Russians seized Tashkend this year and Khojend the year following.

1866:

Venezuela, Ecuador and Bolivia concluded an alliance with Peru in the war with Spain.

Revolt in the Island of Crete against the Turks.

Prussia formed an alliance with Italy and conjointly declared war against Austria. This is known as the seven weeks war.

Prussia also concluded treaties of peace with Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse, Saxony and Darmstadt the same year.

1868:

Revolution in Spain in which the army rebelled.

Insurrection in Cuba against Spanish authority.

Spain had many insurrections during this and for several years following, caused by the dissolute and tyrannical conduct of Queen Isabella.

1868 to 1878.

Ten years of war in Cuba which was closed by compromise.

1869:

Carlists broke out in an insurrection in the northeast part of Spain. It was promptly suppressed by Government troops.

1870.

The French and Chinese have a battle at Tientsin.

France declared war against Prussia. All the German states rallied to the aid of Prussia. This was called the Franco-German war.

1871:

No sooner was a preliminary treaty of peace between France and Germany ratified, than France became involved in a bloody civil war.

China and Prussia were at war.

1872:

The Carlists broke out in insurrection in the north of Spain.

1873 to 1875.

Spain was almost continually the scene of war between the Carlists and the government

Holland became involved in a war with the Achinese of the Island of Sumatra, in 1873.

There was war between Russia and Khiva.

In the fall of 1873 the Russians defeated the Turkomans.

The Mohammedan rebellion in the southwest province of Younan, China, was quelled. The Sultan poisoned himself rather than be taken prisoner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Worth of a Boy.

BY DAVID D. RUST.

[In the October number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, \$20 was offered for the best answer to some questions propounded by Bishop Roscoe W. Eardley, of the Liberty Stake of Zion, on "What is a Boy Worth?" Thirty-one papers were received, and a competent committee has awarded the prize to the author of the one herewith presented, who is not unknown to our readers, having heretofore contributed several descriptive articles for the ERA. As it was understood that the ERA was to own all the manuscripts, a number of the best remaining ones will later appear in our magazine. We take this occasion to thank our contributors for their meritorious and really inspiring responses to our request, and to express regret that we cannot award a prize to each of them.—EDITORS.]

It is difficult indeed to attempt to mark the value of any boy. There is no crucible test, no system of weights or measures, no process of chemistry, no touchstone or mystic readings of astrology, by which we may arrive at the intrinsic worth of a boy. Select a couple of examples—say Jackson and Lincoln. Would you judge them exceptional values, at fourteen? Boys tagged "inferior," frequently turn out to be of the best material; while those marked away up are often mere imitations. We cannot tell, any more than McKinley's mother could tell, which will make good governors or presidents.

In his *Care and Culture of Men*, David Starr Jordan says that you cannot tack a thousand dollar education on a fifty cent boy. It is evident that the hypothesis of this assertion is that boys range in value anywhere from fifty cents to a thousand dollars. As a matter of relative worth, I suppose that expresses enough difference between the cheapest and choicest, so that we may think of it as a premise in the following discussion.

The boy we are considering here—and it seems a perfectly scientific arrangement—is between fourteen and eighteen years of

age. Before this period he is usually designated as a child; subsequently he is—or at least ought to be—a man.

Certain characteristics accompany the thousand dollar boy. He carries a share of the home responsibilities, uses spare time wisely, is a student, and is learning the proper use of coal-oil. "When he plays, he plays hard; and when he works he doesn't play at all." He is willing to pay value received—does not expect something for nothing, does not follow that pickpocket creed which claims that the world owes every man a living. He would rather deserve to win, than to win. He has more concern for his honesty than for the result of a school examination.

The fifty cent variety is the occasion of a good deal of superfluous legislation. It is for him that we have to employ a special police force on Christmas Eve and Hallowe'en. The anxiety of a widowed mother, the trial of the ward authorities, the nuisance of the town officials, he drifts recklessly down through juvenile courts and reform schools to the penitentiary. A pretty expensive proposition!

A curious rule: the less they are worth, the more they cost. When we notice the percentage of young men who go pell-mell down the road of broken hearts, we are almost justified in skepticism. Does it pay to raise them? And we are logical in the conclusion that it is not more men that the country needs, but a better brand.

"Boys will be boys," they say. It is entirely proper that they be boys, so long as they do not become that kind which bars them from becoming men. Shoddy boys make shoddy grownups, "hoodoos" become "hobos."

You cannot tell the high-priced boy by the color of his eyes, the cut of his nose, or his height or his heft. He may be tall or short, frail or husky, light or heavy—avoirdupois does not count. Someone asked Lincoln how long the legs of an ideal soldier should be. He replied at once, "Just long enough to reach from his hips to the ground." The physique, of course, is of importance, but in searching for the things worth while we must look into the character.

Boys are the raw material. What can we do to make the most of their possibilities? Since there is no such thing as man-

hood-mills, that will take them in and turn them out men, it must be accomplished by painstaking development, chiefly under their own direction. Every boy has the choosing of what he shall be; we can only help him to help himself.

We may coax, persuade and reason; we may preach and scold and threaten; we may pet or lead or drive; we may cuff or kick or censure—most of which are likely to be ineffective in bringing out the most precious values of a boy. The surest general rule, perhaps, that can be put down is: so shape his opportunities and environments that he may develop into his afterself, the man he might become, the best there is in him.

Put him next to good schools and good associates; help him to select wholesome, tasteful literature—for, as Dr. J. M. Tanner puts it, "Good literature in the home will solve the 'hoodlum' problem." Teach him to keep his birthright, show him the strength there is in cleanliness, and fix everlastingly among his working principles Owen Wister's terrible maxim, "Death is cleaner than vice."

Confide in him. Make him partner in affairs, and if you give him a piece of land or a horse, do not forget about it and confiscate it again for your own use. Let him do the things he likes to do, but teach him to like the best. Let him soar on the biplanes of fancy, and curtail your ridicule if he tells stories to himself. If his home is in the country, let him visit the city; if he lives in the city, give him a taste of the country—try to give him a surfeit of neither.

Teach him to live unselfishly; he cannot live this life alone, it is somebody's business what he does. "We all of us tend to rise or fall together. If any set of us goes down, the whole nation sags a little." Show him the necessity of a righteous life. Pray with him, pray for him, teach him to pray, and that in deepest reverence. Sincerity will cover a multitude of imperfections.

That boy of mine! What is he worth to me? What hopes I have for him! What would I not do to make the most of his future! In him I shall live again. To the teacher or neighbor who will assist me in keeping his face towards the light, I shall have eternal gratitude

Editor's Table.

Baptism.

An elder in one of the stakes writes that he differs in some things with some of his brethren concerning the proper preparation of candidates for baptism. He thinks there is negligence on the part of officers in that they fail to give proper instructions, and demand required promises from candidates for baptism. They are sometimes baptized without being questioned, and without having promises exacted from them to serve the Lord.

We hear much about the necessity and mode of baptism (Matt. 3: 13-15; Doc. and Cov. 20: 73, 74) and about the fallacy of infant baptism, but seldom anything relating to the faith, desire, worthiness and willingness that should characterize the candidates for baptism, nor of the requirements to serve the Lord that should be made before the holy ordinance is administered unto them. He wishes these points discussed.

The scriptures are very plain on these subjects. No person can be properly baptized unless he has faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and has repented of his sins, with a repentance that need not be repented of. But faith comes by hearing the word of God. This implies that the candidate must be taught. Efficient teaching and preparation must precede the ordinance, so that the candidate may have a proper appreciation and conception of its purposes. The call to baptism, in the mission of our Savior, was always preceded by instructions in the doctrines which he taught. His injunctions to his disciples always tended in this direction: "Go preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16: 15). "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved" (16). "Go

teach 'all nations, baptizing them'' (Matt. 28: 19), were his words to his disciples.

The forerunner of the Savior was also careful to baptize only those who were prepared, and therefore properly taught; for when the people, who were without faith and determination to live righteously came to John the Baptist to be baptized of him, he called them a generation of vipers, and asked who had warned them to flee from the wrath to come. Then he taught them to live righteous lives, and exclaimed, "Bring forth, therefore, fruits worthy of repentance" (Luke 3: 7, 8).

So in the Apostolic age, Peter taught the people the gospel, showing them that Jesus, whom they had crucified, God had made both Lord and Christ, and when they had become interested unto faith and repentance, he declared unto them baptism as a means of escaping from their sins.

This exercise of faith and the working of repentance, as a preparation for baptism, is specifically made plain in modern revelation as a requirement of the candidate, and, of course, these doctrines cannot be understood unless they are properly taught (Doc. and Cov. 20: 37, 71; 68: 25-28).

Missionaries should exercise care before administering this ordinance. A case came up recently, illustrating the need of proper teaching, in which a person had been baptized possessing no knowledge at all of the Church into which he thereby had gained membership. When he later learned that it was the Church founded by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that authority to baptize had come through him, he demanded a release from his obligation. He had not been taught right.

These scripture citations, aside from one's own common sense and reason, are sufficient proof that people must be taught before they are fit candidates for baptism. Now, what shall they be taught? Why, faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost; faith in the efficacy of prayer, and in the ordinances and principles of the gospel which Jesus taught; faith in the restoration of this gospel and all its powers, to the Prophet Joseph Smith; faith in the Church which he was instrumental in establishing; faith in the priesthood, as authorized servants of the living God; faith in

the revelations received in modern times; faith in the performance of the works required of a Latter-day Saint; faith in the principle of tithing, and in all other requirements, temporal and spiritual, mentioned in the law of God; and, finally, faith to live lives of righteousness before the Lord.

Before performing a baptism, it should be known to those who officiate, and, in fact, to the Church, that the candidate for baptism is willing to conform to all these things. Further, that he is willing to take upon himself the name of Jesus Christ; to speak the truth in soberness; that he has determined to serve God to the end, and that he is willing to manifest by his works that he has received of the Spirit of Christ unto the remission of his sins. And, again, it should be known that the candidate is firm in the testimony that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God, and that the Church founded by him is indeed the Church of Jesus Christ; that he understands and believes the law of tithing, and is willing to abide by the covenants he is about to make before the Lord, in the waters of baptism, and to walk uprightly before him (Doc. and Cov. 20: 37; Moroni 6: 1-3).

It is true that some of the elders become negligent in requiring a promise and a covenant to this effect from all whom they lead into the waters of baptism. They sometimes baptize without questions or instructions, taking it for granted that candidates have been thoroughly taught, and that they mentally covenant with God in all these things, without words. It would be well for presidents of stakes and bishops, presidents of missions and mission conferences, and elders in mission fields everywhere, to look into this matter, and require a more strict observance of the word of the Lord on this subject on the part of those who are chosen to officiate at baptisms.

The better plan is to follow the instructions of the Lord strictly in this regard, and perform the ordinance according to the words which are written (Doc. and Cov. 18: 21-25, 30; 20: 37, 72, 73). It is necessary to question the candidate as to his belief and feelings, and to have him signify by words, and the uplifted hand, that he has truly repented of his sins, and is willing to keep the commandments, and take upon himself the name of Christ and all the obligations that are implied in this holy

covenant between him and his God. This applies also to children who have arrived at the years of accountability.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Wrong Again—and "There's a Reason."

Frank J. Cannon, the erratic ex-senator of Utah, is writing a series of articles against the authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the first of which appeared in the December number of *Everybody's Magazine*.

His purpose is not new, at all, because he says:

I propose, in this narrative, to show that the leaders of the "Mormon" Church have broken their covenant with the nation; that they have abused the confidence of the Gentiles of Utah, and betrayed the trust of the people under their power. . . . I undertake, in fact, in this narrative to expose and to demonstrate what I do believe to be one of the most direful conspiracies of treachery in the history of the United States.

Following this vicious and false thrust against the authorities, he pens a glowing tribute to the "Mormon" people themselves:

Not that I have anything in my heart against the "Mormon" people! Heaven forbid! I know them to be great in their virtues, wholesome in their relations,† capable of heroic fortitude, living by the tenderest sentiments of fraternity, as gentle as the Quakers, as staunch as the Jews. I think of them as a man among strangers thinks of the dearness of his home. I am bound to them in affection, by all the ties of life. The smiles of neighborliness, the greetings of friends, all the familiar devotion of brothers and sisters, the love of the parents who held me in their arms—by these, I know them as my own people, and by these I love them as a good people, as a strong people, as a people worthy to be strong and fit to be loved.

It is surpassing strange that the leaders, from the beginning of the history of such a good people, should have been such bad, wicked men; and particularly, that the present leaders should be worse than all the rest. It is the old reason for attacks upon the Saints, prevailing from the beginning; the people have always been good, but they have always been misled by their wicked leaders.

Joseph the Prophet and his Brother Hyrum were martyred; Brigham Young was persecuted, misrepresented, anathematized, imprisoned; John Taylor was exiled, while his brethren suffered imprisonment and untold humiliation; Wilford Woodruff was driven into hiding, and suffered inestimable agony because of the persecutions directed against him and his people; Lorenzo Snow did not escape the cursing of his opponents of the type of the ex-senator; and Joseph F. Smith has been cartooned, libeled, held up to ridicule, lied about, misrepresented, from the time he entered the position; and now the ex-senator has begun to add his little mite to show that the present leader and his associates are traitors, traducers, covenant-breakers, and every other mean thing that can be conjured up against them.

It seems very strange that so good a people should remain good under such leaders, for, "as with the priests so with the people." If the truth be spoken about the people, and we believe he told the truth of them, the natural conclusion is that what is said of the leaders is not true. He may say, however, that the people are simple, uneducated, unsophisticated and easily misled; but with their missionary world-experience, they are not simple; with their facilities for education, they are not ignorant and deluded; and with their sterling views of right and wrong, they are not easily misled. We conclude that what is said about the leaders of the Church is false, and that instead of being traitors, conspirators, traducers, disloyal to their country, as charged from the beginning of the organization of the Church to the present time, they have ever cast their mighty influence with the forces which make their people strong, loyal, free, worthy and "fit to be loved." The ex-senator is wrong again, and "there's a reason;" besides, there is cause for suspicion that he himself is the traitor and all else with which he falsely charges the authorities of the Church.

The Two Roads.

Jean Paul Richter, the great German writer, tells this New Year's tale:

It was New year's night. An aged man was standing at a

window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep, blue sky, where the stars were flashing like white lilies on the surface of a clear, cold lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his anguish: “O youth return! O my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!” But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. “Such,” he cried, “were the days of my wasted life!” He saw a star shoot from heaven and vanish in darkness athwart the churchyard. “Behold an emblem of myself!” he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse, struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year’s night. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, “Come back, my early days, come back!”

And his youth *did* return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year’s night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark

cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"

Messages from the Missions.

Elder Clarence Duffin, writing from Charleston, West Virginia, November 11, says: "The missionary work in the southwest Virginia



SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA CONFERENCE ELDERS.

From left to right, back row: William Bringham, Springville, Utah; Azer Briggs, Magrath, Alberta, Canada; Mark Cook, Vernal, Utah. Second row: J. M. Henderson, Teton City, Idaho; Warden Jones, Menan, Idaho; Smith Ackroyd, Magrath, Alberta, Canada; George H. Hale, Afton, Wyoming. Bottom row: P. W. Johnson, Byron, Wyoming; George J. Webb, St. George, Utah; Clarence Duffin, Provo, Utah. (Conference President); Parley W. Christensen, Tremonton, Utah.

conference is prosecuted with vigor and attended with unusual success. Popular prejudice is rapidly crumbling, and a spirit of toleration is taking its place. In some places we are accorded the utmost courtesy. Our needs are abundantly administered to, and schoolhouses once closed against us are now open to our use. Many people are anxiously searching for the truth, and truly our labors are not in vain. During the past ten months, with an average of 18 elders, we have held 793 meetings, sold 2,246 small books, and distributed 26,000 tracts; visited 16,234 new families, revisited 4,336 families, and spent 5,290 hours tracting; held 13,161 gospel conversations, and spent 12,000 hours in study; blessed 38 children and baptized 87 people. The outlook was never more propitious. The activity of the elders in counseling observance of the Word of Wisdom and to pay tithes, has met with encouragement. Not a few have discontinued the use of tobacco, tea and coffee, and some of these are over 70 years of age, and have indulged in these habits since childhood, but now bear testimony that the blessings promised through our beloved Prophet Joseph Smith follow obedience."

Elder John Halversen, clerk of the Christiania Conference, Norway, writes, October 26, giving an account of a conference held on the 15th, 16th and 17th of October. He sends a picture of the elders of that conference. "Each of the Sunday school superintendents reported his school in a flourishing condition. Many non-members send their children to our Sunday schools, and in some instances the percentage of Saints and strangers is nearly equal. President Peter C. Rasmussen gave a general report of the ten branches comprising the Christiania conference, showing the work to be in very good condition. At the Sunday evening session (16th) of the conference fully 700 people were present. Many had to stand during the meeting, which lasted two and one-half hours. President Andrew Jenson, of the Scandinavian Mission, spoke on historical and gospel subjects for nearly two hours, holding the strict attention of the audience. During his present mission he has visited Norway eight times, and he said he had learned to greatly love the Norwegian Saints. During the entire conference week the Christiania branch Relief Society prepared and served meals to all the elders free of charge, for which the elders are very thankful. On October 18, President Jenson gave an illustrated lecture on Utah and her People, before an audience of about seven hundred people, mostly non-members of the Church, who enjoyed it immersely. The conference was altogether a success and the missionaries feel much encouraged in their labors.



ELDERS OF THE CHRISTIANIA CONFERENCE, NORWAY.

Priesthood Quorums' Table. .

Permanent Records for Quorums of the High Priesthood.—The General Priesthood Committee has in consideration a permanent record for quorums of the High Priesthood, which will not be ready for about another year. In the meantime, it is recommended that the present class roll-book be used for a quorum record, until the new one is printed and ready for sale. The class roll-book may be obtained, free of charge, upon application to the Presiding Bishop's office.

New Course of Study.—From the replies received from stake presidencies, in answer to enquiries, it is learned that many of the wards in the Church are behind in their Manual lessons, and that most of the stakes would prefer to continue, for the remaining part of this winter and spring, to study the 1910 course. This has led the General Committee to consider the postponement of the publication of the 1911 Manuals, —which were ready for the printer early in December—until about August 1, 1911. This action, if definitely taken, would enable the wards in arrears to complete their courses. The seventies also have postponed their Year Book, and the action contemplated would thus place all the quorums on a more uniform date for beginning the year's work. In the meantime, the quorums everywhere are advised to continue the 1910 course, either to finish or as a review, until other arrangements are announced, which will be done by circular letter to the stake presidencies, and in this table. It is certain now that the Manuals will not be printed for distribution in January, 1911 .

Transfers.—"We have elders who should belong to our quorums," writes a quorum president, "but who do not, because they have no transfers recommending them from the quorum from which they removed. What shall be done in such cases?"

Your attention is called to paragraph 89, of the Annual Circular, No. 11, from which you will notice it is not necessary for an elder, or any other person holding the priesthood, to procure a recommend from one quorum to present it to another. Neither should the quorum insist that, as a condition of acceptance into the quorum, the person should furnish his genealogy. The new form of ward recommend provides for the genealogy necessary:

When a person is ordained to an office in the priesthood, he is entitled to a certificate of ordination, which he should carefully preserve. Whenever necessary, it should be presented to the proper authority as an evidence of his ordination and accepted by the quorum having jurisdiction in the ward or stake where he resides; and he should be permitted to join that quorum without any recommend from the quorum where he formerly resided, provided he has been accepted as a member of the ward. If he does not possess a certificate of ordination, and the recommend upon which he was received in the ward gives his priesthood and last ordination, it should be accepted as evidence that he holds that office, and he should be admitted to fellowship to the quorum, provided there is no evidence to the contrary.

The Ideal Teachers' Quorum.—"As God hath distributed to every man, as the Lord hath called every one, so let him walk, and so ordain I in all churches" (I Cor. 7: 17).

"Wherefore let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence" (Doc. and Cov. 107, 99).

The ideal teachers' quorum is to number twenty-four; to be presided over by a president and two counselors from their number; a secretary should note the quorum's proceedings. The quorum should meet often to learn the duties that devolve upon them, and carry them out daily by mingling with the Saints; exhorting all to be faithful in righteousness; ministering to the Church continually; seeing that iniquity does not exist; adjusting any ill feelings that may exist between Church members; attending to ward meetings; and living an exemplary life. Whatever may add to bring to a full fruition the admonition, "Live in peace, one with another," should ever be the thought of the ordained teacher. The quorum member who would act with diligence to fulfil these duties, under the direction of the ward authorities, would be counted faithful in the office to which he is appointed.

What right has any member to say, "We can't do that!" Are we falterers? Why not obtain the spirit that Nephi possessed, when he gave this thought, that the Lord giveth not a commandment, save a way will be provided for its fulfilment.

To be a member of a teachers' quorum is to be one who knows how to obey—to obey when a decision is rendered, a command given, a desire expressed by the officers. It is to see that your part in the work assigned is done so well that its effect is better than the conditions warranted. To hold up the hands of the officers; to give suggestions, to be active, to put life into duties, is a member's responsibility. To be a good member in any quorum is to do for your officers and class-instructor what you would wish done by a member, if you were an officer or a class-instructor.—L. E. EGGERTSEN.

Mutual Work.

Questions on the Senior Manuals.

As to Socialism.—A Mutual Improvement worker, in a letter to the ERA, complains that the words in the Senior Manual (p. 40) "Socialists, it must be remembered, include anarchists and nihilists at one extreme, and so-called Christian socialists at the other," are unfair, and that there is no authority quoted for the definition. Our correspondent is in error on both counts. The footnote to the preceding page gives Professor Nicholson as authority for the whole paragraph on socialistic remedies. Professor Nicholson's exact words are:

"From the nature of the case, the meaning to be attached to socialism is extremely elastic and indefinite. It would probably be impossible to give a definition that would cover all the various schemes which have been styled by their authors, or their critics, socialistic. *At one extreme we have anarchists and nihilists, and at the other so-called Christian Socialists*; and between them are endless varieties. Accordingly, nothing is easier than to accuse the critic of fighting a creature of his own imagining, and not 'true' or 'actual' Socialism." (*Principles*, vol. 1, p. 426.

No higher authority than Professor Nicholson can be given, when it comes to quoting authorities on economic questions.

But this quotation needs an additional word of explanation. Professor Nicholson (and, of course, the Manual) takes a point of view outside Socialism. A point outside of Socialism *must* be selected from which to view the doctrines of socialists. Otherwise some one of the various forms would have to be chosen as the representative of the socialistic group—which would give the author of the Manual all sorts of trouble, and lay him open a good deal to the charge of either being "ignorant" or of wishing "to misrepresent." The widest latitude in definition was chosen in order to satisfy the largest number of persons.

Play and work.—Another Improvement worker wishes to know why professional base-ball playing is labor, and the efforts of a boat's crew not labor?" The first paragraph, in Lesson 4, explains this point on a close reading. However, we add another word to try to clear up the matter.

The professional ball-player gets money for his ball-playing. Hence his exertion is labor. If he did not get pay for his service, it would be play. Likewise, the boat's crew, if they get money for their rowing, are working. If they do not get pay, they are not. That is the whole point in brief. The Manual assumes, of course, that the latter do not obtain money for their physical exertion, which is generally the case. That is why the word "professional" is left out of the sentence about the boat crew. Gate receipts cut no figure, for the reason that those who receive them do not live by that means, and so are not professionals—no matter whether it is in boat-racing or ball-playing. No utilities are created.

Passing Events.

Women gained the right to vote, in the November 8 election in the state of Washington. Woman suffrage amendments to the state constitutions were submitted in that state, in Oregon, South Dakota and Oklahoma, and all except Washington rejected the amendments. There are five states in the United States in which women are now permitted to vote on the same terms as men, namely: Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, and Washington.

The corn crop for 1910 was the greatest ever grown in the United States. The figures given out appeal strongly to the imagination. For the first time in our history as a nation, we have succeeded in producing three billion bushels. This amount of corn translated into the terms of money and buying power must necessarily give a faster beat to the business pulse of the whole country, and naturally it will have a bearing in producing better financial conditions and cheaper food.

Census returns of the thirteenth census, announced December 10, show that Utah has a population of 373,351, which is 96,602 more than at the census of 1900, when the population was 276,749, an increase of 31.3 per cent in ten years, making the state 42nd in rank. Its population now entitles the state to another Congressman, under the present congressional apportionment of 194,182, but the new apportionment may raise the number. Five counties fell behind: Kane, 159; Pinte, 220; Rich, 63; Summit, 1,239; and Wayne, 158; the other twenty-two counties all showed substantial gains. Ogden has 25,580 inhabitants, and the population of the four leading counties is: Salt Lake, 131,426; Utah, 37,942; Weber, 35,179; Cache, 23,062.

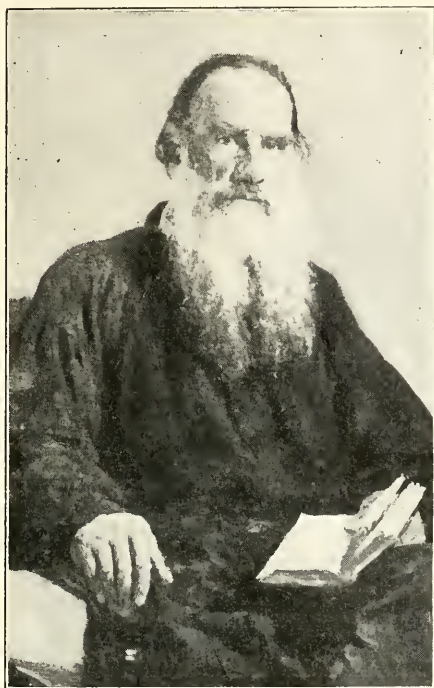
Wyoming has 145,965 inhabitants; an increase of 53,434, or 57.7 per cent over 1900; 50th in rank.

Idaho has a population of 325,594; an increase of 163,822, or 107.3 per cent over 1900; the state is 46th in rank.

Arizona, 204,354; an increase of 81,423, or 66.2 per cent; 47th in rank.

The population of continental United States is 91,972,266; an increase in ten years of 15,977,691, or 21 per cent. Including Hawaii, Alaska and Porto Rico, the population under the Stars and Stripes is 93,402,151—Philippines not included.

Count Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoi, the celebrated Russian novelist, who was born in 1828, died on Sunday morning, November 20, 1910,



COUNT LEO NIKOLAIEVITCH TOLSTOI.

Died Sunday morning, November 20, 1910.

Born August, 28, 1828.

at 6 o'clock, at the flag station of Astopova. Some days prior to his death, he left his home and family for the Caucasus region, but he died on the way. Six physicians were in attendance upon him at the little station, also his eldest daughter, Tatiana. His last words were a protest against so many being around the bed of one sick man, "when there are millions of people in this world, and many of them suffering." Astopova, where he died, is a little railway station, and the one-story log house of the station-master was the only refuge available when the physician accompanying Tolstoi in his flight from home insisted upon his stopping, on account of a severe attack of

bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs, which had seized him on his journey to the Caucasus, whither he desired to go to be left in peace to die. In his life he severely lashed the Russian government, denounced war, and advocated many extreme philosophies, as a protest against prevailing conditions in Russia. He was born of the nobility, but was by conviction and by choice one of the common people. His most intense desire was to lift them up. It was in 1884 that the count decided to commence living the simple life. He renounced all his luxuries and comforts, left his wife and family, who were luxuriously located in the palace at Yasnaya Polyana, to join the peasants in their simple life. The portrait accompanying was taken in 1891, just six years after his determination to lead the simple life. He was excommunicated from the Orthodox Greek Catholic

Church some years ago. He was buried in a simple grave, with simple ceremonies, without the church rites. He is the author of many stories and books, a number of which have been translated and published in the English language. His last words were, "Now comes death; that is all!" said to his daughter, Tatiana, as he grasped her hand.

Church and state questions in Spain are uppermost in diplomatic and religious circles. On the 4th of November the special senate, by a vote of 109 to 58, passed a so-called "padlock bill," which forbade the creation of further religious establishments in Spain for two years. It is thought that a renewal of negotiations for a concordat with the Vatican will take place, though that does not necessarily savor of the religious freedom which many hope for.

Harriet Amelia F. Young, widow of President Brigham Young, died in Salt Lake City, December 11, 1910. She was the daughter of W. H. Folsom and Zeria Clark, and was born in Buffalo, New York, August 23, 1838. With the family she came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1860, and became the wife of President Young, January 24, 1863. She led among the women for many years and in many circles, traveled extensively in Utah and surrounding states, had entertained many distinguished tourists and guests of President Young, was well-read, possessed a queenly appearance and striking personality, and was true to the end.

Final official returns of the November election, 1910, show that Washington county was the only county out of the twenty-seven in the state of Utah that went Democratic. For representative in the Congress of the United States, Joseph Howell, Republican, received 50,604 votes in Utah, as against 32,730 for Ferdinand Erickson, Democrat; a plurality in favor of Howells of 17,874. For judge of the Supreme Court, D. N. Straup, Republican, received 50,635, as against 32,610 for Charles C. Richards, Democrat; a plurality in favor of Straup of 18,025. The vote in Salt Lake City for Howell was 11,409, as against 3,602 for Erickson; and 11,582 for Straup, as against 3,354 for Richards.

The total vote of the state for representative was 102,233, divided as follows: Republicans, 50,604, Democrats, 32,730, Socialists, 4,857, of which 1,626 were in Salt Lake City, and the remainder in all the counties of the state except Kane, Rich, and San Juan counties; and 14,042 "Americans," of which 11,484 were in Salt Lake City, and the remainder in all the counties of the state except Kane, San Juan, Washington and Wayne.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Portrait of Brigham Young.....	Frontispiece
President Brigham Young's Excursion Party. Il- lustrated	<i>Solomon F. Kimball</i> 189
The Voice of the Shepherd. A Poem.....	<i>Theodore E. Curtis</i> 201
Just a Little Blue Stocking. II.	<i>Lella Marler Hoggan</i> 202
For the Development of Character.....	<i>Edward H. Anderson</i> 215
The Inland Sea. A Poem.....	<i>Rufus Leigh</i> 219
The Creation of the Earth. III.	<i>Frederick J. Pack, A. M.</i> .. 220
The Fisherman. A Poem.....	<i>Dr. J. Lloyd Woodruff</i> 230
Mapusaga, a Factor in Progressive Samoa. Il- lustrated	<i>John Q. Adams</i> 231
Life's Work. A Poem.....	<i>Ellen Lee Sanders</i> 238
The Nephite Shepherd. II.	<i>Arthur V. Watkins</i> 239
Thou Art Everywhere Before Us. A Poem....	<i>Theodore E. Curtis</i> 245
The New Year. A Poem.....	<i>Kate Thomas</i> 246
The Crown of Individuality. XIII.	<i>William George Jordan</i> 248
Pen Pictures of the Holy Land. III.	<i>Hamilton Gardner</i> 253
Joseph Smith, A Prophet of God. III	<i>George W. Crockwell</i> 259
The Worth of a Boy.....	<i>David D. Rust</i> 263
Editors' Table:—Baptism	<i>President Joseph F. Smith</i> .. 266
Wrong Again—and "There's a Reason".....	269
The Two Roads	270
Messsages from the Missions.....	272
Priesthood Quorums Table.....	275
Mutual Work	277
Passing Events	278

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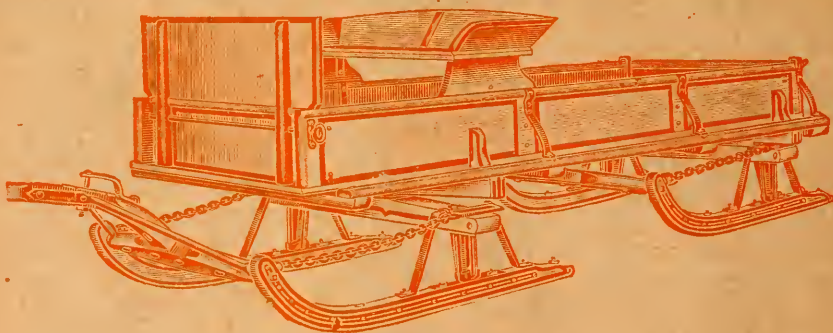
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